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Babylon ⊕ ⊕ Reminiscences

BY BENJAMIN P. FIELD



*Sketch of the Author by
JAMES B. COOPER*



*Historical Sketch of Babylon by
JAMES W. EATON*



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BABYLON, NEW YORK

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I

INTRODUCTION



Newcomers to a village, as well as the natives and "old timers," usually seek with eagerness, reminiscences of their home surroundings. To the student or reader of history, these tales of times past, convey, like old pictures, the delineation of incidents perhaps forgotten, and unknown to the present generation. It is for the purpose of stimulating an interest in our village past and present, that this book is brought before the public.

We are fortunate in having as a neighbor among us, an octogenarian, endowed not only with a memory, vivid with early incidents, and pictures of our village, but gifted with the power to portray the usages and characteristics of old Babylon folks, and to depict the appearance and location of old buildings of sixty years ago. Perhaps, some part our good fortune in having our friend and author still among our number, is due to his good wife. For if, like the writer, you, our reader, had grown up with the Field family and had been brought into contact with the kind and loving wife and mother, and heard every day for many years, from some of her children, "No, we had better not do that, Mother would not like it," you would have learned a mother's influence, always given in the kindest and sweetest way. With such a life-companion, who cannot have more admiration for our author and his well-rounded life? We wish our author many more years of usefulness, and may his reminiscences go down to posterity as a monument to one who has loved Babylon and its people.

It has been thought fitting to include in this book a brief biography of our author by his friend, James B. Cooper, and a sketch of the history of our village—merely an outline of its progress—by the writer, to whom Babylon will always be endeared by many tender associations.

J. W. E.

September 1, 1911.





THIS BOOK is respectfully dedicated to
our esteemed friend and fellow citizen,
BENJAMIN P. FIELD, who has passed
the honored mark of four score years,
by the

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A Brief Biography of
BENJAMIN PRINCE FIELD

the writer of

*Reminiscences of Babylon
And It's Vicinity*

by

James Brown Cooper



Benjamin Prince Field, the author of these reminiscences, was born in Flushing, L. I., in April, 1831, and came to Babylon in 1853. He was a son of Benjamin P. Field and Eliza Post of that village, now a part of the greater city of Manhattan.

When scarcely past his majority Mr. Field married Miss Mary Ann Purchase, of Flushing and shortly afterwards removed to Babylon where he and his life partner have since resided. Mr. Field prior to moving to Babylon had learned the tinsmith's trade and on coming to this village at once engaged in that line of industry, a business which he successfully conducted on the corner of Main and Willow streets for half a century until his retirement a few years ago.

From his first coming to Babylon until the present time Mr. Field has taken an active part in every movement calculated to advance the best interests of the place. He was for a number of years a member of the Board of Education of Union Free School District, being a member of the Board when the present imposing temple of learning was erected. It was a suggestion made by Mr. Field to improve the old school building on George street which led to the erection of the present school building and he was appointed one of the building committee. He also served as a member of the Village Board of Health. In the social life of the place Mr. Field was also especially active. He was for thirty odd years a member and director of the choir of the First Presbyterian Church and devoted much of his time toward increasing the interest in the work among the members with the gratifying result that the church was famed for its music during that period.

An indefatigable worker for any cause he espoused Mr. Field proved a valuable aid to those who founded Babylon Council R. A. He held every position within the gift of the council and several times represented Babylon Council at the grand council and was for a number of years orator of the council.

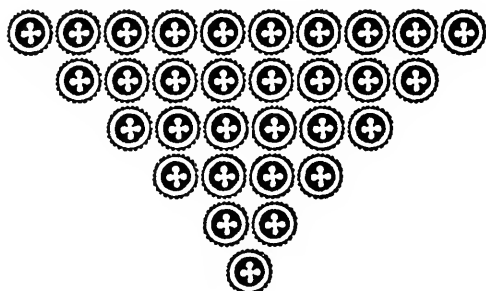
Mr. Field has never cared for political honors. He is a Republican in politics, but believes that the position of a private citizen is the post of honor.

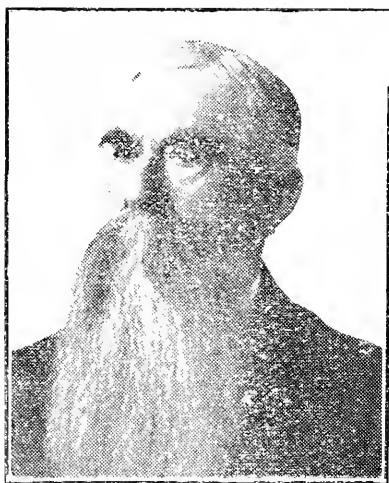
He has always been greatly interested in horticultural pursuits and his vegetable gardens years ago were looked upon as among the best in the village. He has always been a very close student of nature and much of his success in the horticultural line was due to this fact, which together with an unconquerable ambition to succeed made failure well nigh an impossibility. Of later years Mr. Field devoted his leisure mo-

ments to the cultivation of flowers and his rose and flower gardens for several years was the Mecca of persons residing in Babylon, and other places, who loved and revered the beauty in flowers. Never allowing a moment for idleness, Mr. Field toiled with his characteristic ambition until he had converted his back door yard into one of the most charming panoramas that the eye could wish to imagine.

Mr. Field is a master mechanic and an inventor of no little renown, having secured patents on several articles that his ingenuity lead him to invent. Though pursuing a business and trade which claimed his closest attention, he found time to develop a literary ability that is remarkable. He has written much prose and poetry, but as a writer of verse he is best known. His poems were published in book form some years ago and are highly prized.

Mr. Field is a member of Christ Episcopal Church and was formerly a member of the vestry. During his long residence here Mr. Field has been held in the very highest esteem by his townspeople and no one to-day has a warmer hold on their affection than he has and his reminiscences re-written at a time in life when few persons would care to undertake the task even if their faculties permitted them to do so has been read with great interest and in book form this little history can be preserved and will help some other author years hence in writing the history down to that period.





Benjamin Prince Field.

Pen Pictures of Babylon and Vicinity in 1853---Location of Former Landmarks, Anecdotes and Sketches of its Inhabitants at that Time



My first visit to Babylon was in the month of March, in the year 1853, and I became a resident and established myself in business here in the month of May of the same year. I came by way of the Long Island Railroad to Deer Park, and by stage from there to Babylon. As was his custom at that time, the driver of the stage, on entering the village, would invariably "round up" in front of the American Hotel. The stage horses were always in good condition, and the trip from Deer Park, often with a heavy load, would be made in very quick time. The horses would always make good speed when nearing the hotel, and they knew just where to stop, and seemed to feel as much delighted as the passengers themselves to know they had arrived at Babylon. There were three hotels in the village at that time, the "American", the "National" and the "Sumpawams." The first stopping place for the stage was usually at the "American." This hotel stood where the postoffice building is on the corner of Main street and Deer Park avenue, and was kept by Charles Snedecor, who had at that time some very able assistants, one of whom was Mr. William Velsor who was one of those versatile "jolly good fellows" who could fill different spheres of usefulness, and who seemed indispensable in an old fashioned hotel like the American was at that time. He was always ready to escort, "drive out" or cater to the wants of patrons of the house, and could join in partaking of the good things, enjoy them as much, and stay as long as "the best of them."

Joseph Jacobs was another useful man at the "American," and usually occupied a high chair behind the old-fashioned bar, and at any time could make you, if you wished it, a good mint julep or a port wine sangeree (both popular drinks in those days) and he could tell which horse would surely win whenever a trot was about to take place, while "Steve" Wykoff could entertain the guests in the "little back room" with a dignity and gracefulness of manner that but few men possessed.

Charles Snedecor, the proprietor of the hotel, was a man of kind heart and generous nature. He was held in high esteem by the people

in general, and was recognized by his patrons as an excellent host. Mr. Snedieor died in the month of July, 1853. His widow continued the hotel business for a short time, after which she was married to Lucius Lum, of Milford, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Lum, later in life, removed to Babylon, where Mr. Lum carried on the clothing and tailoring business until his death. His wife survived him for a number of years. The remains of both now rest in the Babylon cemetery.

The business of the old American Hotel passed into the hands of William B. Watson, of New York City, who conducted it for a number of years. It was afterwards carried on by different persons, until destroyed by fire on July 4th, 1883, at which time it was under the management of Mrs. P. A. Seaman, a woman who was held in the highest esteem by all.

The "American Hotel" was an honored old "landmark" and in its best days, was the recognized headquarters for many of the first-class sporting men of the time, and had given shelter to many an honored guest in the olden times. The village felt its loss, and all who knew its history and value as a hotel, deeply regretted its destruction.

At the time our story begins, if standing on the front stoop of the American Hotel, and turning to go westward you would see on the right hand side of the street the house now owned by W. G. Nicoll, and occupied by W. G. Nicoll and LeRoy M. Young, and used as a law office. It was then the residence of Mrs. Julia Carll. She was generally called "Aunt Julia." She was the mother of the late Mrs. Elbert Carll, and of Timothy S. Carll, Esq., also deceased. She was a woman of rare qualities, a warm friend, and was beloved by all.

Mrs. Sallie Staples, widow of the once popular Dr. Staples, resided with Mrs. Carll, and was a lady of some prominence in the society of Babylon at that time. She afterward resided with her daughter Mary, who married Arden Smith, and lived in Brooklyn until her death.

There was no house between that of "Aunt Julia" and the late Elbert Carll, which still remains very much as it was then. Next to that of Elbert Carll's was the house now owned by Mrs. Annie S. Carll. It was then the residence of Isaac Willets, who carried on an extensive business in manufacturing straw paper and paper boards in the mill on the stream near by. The business at that time was considered lucrative, and was ably conducted by Mr. Willets and his son Martin. Large quantities of straw were used at the mill, and the farmers for many

miles either way from Babylon, found a ready market for all they raised. Many of these farmers were noted for their honesty, and fair dealing, to such an extent, indeed, that in carting their straw to the mill, they would wait perhaps a long time for a rainy day, on which to do their carting. They would load the wagon one day, let it stand out over night, and cart it on the day following, and by the time the straw reached the paper mill—especially if from a long distance—the straw would be sufficiently damp, and wet, to weigh much more than if it had been carted on a clear day, in dry weather. This fact was so well known, that when one of those heavy, damp days so peculiar to the South Side of Long Island, would extend its morning greeting to the man who usually weighed the straw, he would prepare himself for a busy day.

Soon after moving to Babylon, Mr. Isaac Willets, was left a widower and retired from the paper business. In later years he married Clarissa Underhill, she being the survivor of Edwin Underhill, who owned and lived on the premises now so well known as the Crescent. Edwin Underhill, was the father of the late William E. Underhill, generally known as "Major." Martin Willets succeeded his father in the paper business. He was energetic, industrious and extremely sociable. He always had hosts of friends. After retiring from the paper business he became the partner of Sidney Bunce in conducting the general store trade. The store in which they conducted their business stood on the corner where Dowden Brothers are. It was an old frame building and now stands on Carll avenue, converted into a dwelling. Bunce & Willets succeeded Smith & Bunce, and they succeeded Platt Carll. Martin Willets was appointed Under Sheriff at one time, and elected Sheriff at another. He was also made Supervisor of the town. He married Miss Emma Coon, of Hempstead, Long Island, who survives him, he having died in Brooklyn several years ago, and like many others lives now, only in memory. In those days, the clanging of machinery and the music of the paper mill wheels, could be heard both day and night with ceaseless hum, until the clock announced the advent of Sunday morning. The old mill has been taken away, and strangers now passing the place and stopping, perhaps, to admire the cascade overflowing from the beautiful "Argyle" lake, would not dream that this quiet little spot was once the scene of such busy activity, the fact of which is still fresh in the minds of only a few of the "old timers" which possibly can be counted on the finger ends. The lake was at that time,

called the "west mill pond," and was not so well cared for, and in general appearance, not so imposing and attractive, as it is at the present time.

The property, now known as the "Argyle" was then owned by Capt. Brewer, of Brooklyn, a retired sea captain, and the only house on it was the one now known as Cottage No. 1. It was at that time being remodeled by Col. Stephen Lark, the grandfather of S. A. Fites, once Supervisor, and now on the editorial staff of the New York World.

The next house west, was that of Aaron Bedell. It stood near where the residence of the late Daniel Bulger now is. It was purchased some years later by Judge Alexander McCue, of Brooklyn, and used for a number of years by his family as a summer residence. Later the old house was moved around the corner, on the rear of Mr. Bulger's premises. Aaron Bedell was one of the proprietors of the line of stages, then running between Babylon and Deer Park, and to Farmingdale morning and evening, during the winter season. Mr. Bedell always had good horses, and was never behind time. It was no easy task for a gentlemen's horse to pass the stage of Aaron Bedell on the road to or from Deer Park, and many have been compelled to "take the dust," much to their own discomfort, and the mortification of the stage passengers. I will relate an incident to show what kind of horses Mr. Bedell kept. One morning when his stage was to start from the "American House," the stage was full and two passengers could not "squeeze" in. The writer was one of them, and there were two more passengers waiting just north of the village. Bedell hastened home and hitched up a team to a farm wagon, took myself and another and the two men "up north" and drove to Deer Park in twenty minutes from the "American House," passing the stage on the way.

On the death of Mr. Bedell, his part of the stage business was continued by his brother Ichabod, and the latter's son, Charles L., until the South Side railroad commenced operations, which rendered a trip to Deer Park unnecessary to reach New York, and ended what was considered, quite an important local enterprise. The stage business was conducted and shared by the Bedells and Mr. Richard Hieble, who gave it up at the same time the others did. Ichabod Bedell lived to the westward of Aaron, in the old house that stood on the corner. It has been long since torn down. It was kept many years as a "tavern" and abolished as such soon after the time of which we write. The house was one of the most prominent old "landmarks" of "ye oldentime." There



Washington Hotel built in 1803.

This house was built in 1803 and stood on the corner of Sampawam's Road and Main street, where Smith & Salmon's drug store now stands. It was occupied by Platt Carll's family until moved to its present location on Deer Park avenue near the railroad. Between this house and the Presbyterian Church was the old Aaron Higbie burying ground.

was a long "hall room" up stairs running lengthwise with the house, such as many old-fashioned hotels had, where social parties from the village frequently met for an evening's jollification and fun, with music, dancing and a "good time" generally.

Next to that, was the store and dwelling of Jacob Reid, the father of the late Hon. John R. Reid, and grandfather of W. R. Reid, a noted lawyer. The store was kept some years after Mr. Reid retired from business by George Pearcall.

The next house was that of Elkanah Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis had previously kept the National Hotel but had moved to this town in the pursuit of agriculture. He established the first milk route that was ever known in Babylon, while living at this place, and was therefore the "pioneer" milkman. He was very familiarly known, and when Elkanah Jarvis was around there was sure to be fun somewhere near by, for he was good natured and jolly, like many others in the olden time. The Elkanah Jarvis farm was later on sold to Bradford Johnson. It finally passed to the hands of Charles L. Tappin, who purchased some lands adjoining and built a beautiful residence which he still occupies.

Alexander Sammis, better known as "Turkey" Alcock lived in the next house west. The house has long since disappeared and Mr. Sammis is dead. We cross the brook after leaving Mr. Alcock's, and close to it, on the north side, stood the little old school house, and a few steps further on brings us to the corner where Mr. Blanchard now lives. It was then owned by Silas H. Key, and was soon afterwards purchased by Capt. Richard Rayner, of New York, who erected the house which is now kept as a hotel. Mr. Rayner was a man highly esteemed. He lived in this house for a number of years until his death.

Mr. Rayner conducted a business in Cherry street, New York, for many years, and was well known as the Captain of the New York troop.

We might continue westward, and recall to mind many familiar faces, and the remembrances of families whom we once knew, but now only occasionally hear their names mentioned—their faces we see not. Among others, were the Minturns, Powells, Ketchums, Ourings, Meeles, Hones and others, whose houses, if not entirely demolished, are now the homes of strangers. But standing on the corner by Richard Rayner's we look south toward the bay and we see but little change in that direction. Should we go north from here we would find some of the old houses and many new ones. A few of the old people are at home, and the name of Eld street has been changed to that of Avenue or Boulevard,

and it joins the road up which we are looking at the same place, just the same as it did fifty years ago. The old road leading to Farmingdale is now Arnold avenue.

Had we continued our course up the road from Richard Raynor's corner, or from Bedell's corner northward, it would have led us to a section of country that was largely covered with pine timber. This timber furnished an abundance of cordwood, and made quite a lucrative business for many then living in that locality. It was through this section that passengers were taken when the stages run between Babylon, Farmingdale and Hicksville.

Through the sparks from the locomotives on the Long Island Railroad and the carelessness of new settlers, the timber in this locality frequently suffered great damage from fire, the owners thereby sustaining pecuniary loss, and oftentimes the lives of many families were endangered. The timber thus damaged by fire would find its way to the charcoal kilns, or be placed upon the home market at a reduced price. The wood being black, the men who were workers and dealers in it could generally be recognized by their appearance; for the handling of the black wood would give to their persons and clothing, a colour quite common to the locality. Several men who were well known by the villagers at that time, lived in the pine wood region and had very nice farms, which had previously formed a portion of the timber country. Among them could be named Jeremiah Albin, whose farm was long occupied by his son, Egbert. John Albin was a brother to Jeremiah. His wife was a sister to Aunt Sally Oakley and Mrs. Clarissa Underhill. This farm afterward belonged to little Mr. Ronneberger, who was well known in the village as one of the pioneers in market gardening, and whose name the street urchins often distorted into that of "run, you beggar."

William Mott, Philemon Millard, Ezra Sammis, and several others lived in that region, and, like all men, had both their faults and their virtues, have passed away, as well as most of their posterity.

A little further to the north lived "old Jerry Hubbard," so called because he always looked older than he really was. The plumber had omitted to fit up a bath room in Jerry's house, and he did not therefore pay as strict attention to sanitary regulations as many do in these days, and, living in the region of the black pine wood and handling it, his otherwise handsome face wore a very grim appearance, and the mischievous "small boys" who delighted to poke their fun at eccentric

persons, would usually allow "Uncle Jerry" and his bull to pass through the streets unmolested, as they were a little shy of him. "Uncle Jerry" always drove a bull hitched to a wagon with shafts, just the same as other men rigged their horses. He could not have a lively brush on the road as many could, but he could go safe and sure, and both he and his bull would always do that and mind their own business, and were therefore never molested. Mr. Hubbard was of about the same size as his bull, and one looked just as good natured as the other. If they could be seen in these days as they were often seen then, they would make a splendid subject for both professional and amateur photographers.

We could go a little north of where Hubbard lived, past Alexander Brown's, whose lands, together with Hubbard's, now form part of the late Kennel Club grounds, and out through Southard's Lane to Babylon lane; but should we stop at the mill to speak with "Uncle Harry" Southard, we would soon be bantered for a "swop" or a trade of some kind; but "Harry" has sawed his last log. He has followed many others of his time, and left several sons to perpetuate his name.

We will now retrace our steps from Charles Bergen's corner back to the village, the same way that we came, and take notice of what we may see on the south side of the road. We recross the brook by the schoolhouse before mentioned and on our right was the house of William Barto. It now belongs to the estate of the late Judge Alexander McCue. Further to the east, stood the house of Jacob Fleet, all traces of which have long since disappeared. Mr. Fleet was considered an eccentric man. He was very exclusive, but thrifty. It was said that he once built a boat up stairs in his house, and when he had finished it, he was compelled to take the side of the house off, in order to get the boat out of the house. He built several dwellings in the village, almost entirely alone. He worked from the inside of the house and never used a scaffold as other carpenters do. He could do almost anything in the line of mechanical work, and if no other tools were at hand could work a moulding with an ax, or glaze a sash with a spade. Some of his buildings are still standing.

Near the northwest corner of the late William R. Foster's property, and opposite that of Aaron Bedell, stood a house where lived Mrs. Gildersleeve.

The house for many years occupied by the late William R. Foster and now belonging to his son, John S. Foster, was then owned by

Benjamin R. Robinson. It has been considerably enlarged and improved since that time. The house of the late T. C. Lyman was owned by Edward Berry. Mr. Berry was an excellent boat builder, and some of the best boats sailing the waters of the Great South Bay at that time were of his handiwork. He was a man of quiet habits and apparently always in good humor.

This property has been added to the Foster Estate. Next to that was the house of Ira Kellum and his father, Epenetus. It is still occupied by William Kellum, son of Ira.

Next was the house of Hiram Brush. Mr. Brush was a devout christian and sexton of the Presbyterian Church for many years. The house has been enlarged, and is now owned by John S. Foster.

A few small houses stood between that and the west creek, and were usually occupied by the workmen at the paper mill. These buildings were purchased by Valentine Southard and removed to near the "Promised Land", a locality in upper Eel street, and the settlement was called by some wag "Smoky Hollow."

The first house east of the west creek was that of Mrs. Sammis, mother of Mrs. Benjamin Wood. The house stood about where the Signal office now stands. Benjamin Wood was the father of W. W. Wood the present cashier of the Babylon National Bank.

We will stop at the Baptist Church corner for a moment to say that there was no street running north or south at that point—no church and no buildings, only those we have mentioned. It was all Elbert Carll's farm, and it required several yoke of fat oxen, a good many of Daniel Abbott's best mules and a small regiment of colored people to work it.

Next to Mrs. Sammis' was the house of Theodore Weeks, commonly called "Dorus." The house is now kept as the St. James Hotel. Mr. Weeks carried on the butchering business. He was offhand, jolly, good-natured man, and generally esteemed. Only one of his children is now living.

Next to Mr. Weeks lived James Thorne, the father of our George T. Thorne. He also was a butcher, and carried on the business very successfully for many years. He was an excellent judge of live stock, and was noted for keeping the best quality of meats. The village butchers at that time, dressed their own meat exclusively, and Long Island contributed largely to the supply. A supply from this source becoming scarce in time, Western stock took its place. It was brought here alive

and butchered, and purchasers of meat at our village markets could see their own meat dressed if they had chosen to do so. The day for that method of doing business is past. Meat is now dressed at different points from New York to Chicago and hurried at lightning speed to supply all the markets in the land. Killing and dressing is a business exclusively by itself, and many professional butchers of the present day are entirely ignorant as to the most simple methods of dressing stock. Each autumn for many years Mr. Thorne would show the largest and fattest hogs of any man in the county. Mr. Thorne's son George, has continued the business up to the present time.

The building formerly occupied by Sidney L. Seaman as a store stood next and close to the market of Mr. Thorne. The stairs that went up on the outside on the west would lead you to the shoemaker's shop of Samuel Ferris, who could generally be found at work, always ready and glad for an opportunity to eulogize the virtues of Thomas Paine, while "Ben" Wood, who was often there to do the cobbling, would nod his head and say, "That's so, every word of it." Lawrence Seaman, well known as "Colonel" kept the store. He was a man of frugal habits, strict in his dealings, and of sound judgment. His opinion on general topics was always listened to with respect and had considerable weight. He was the father of our late esteemed townsman, S. L. Seaman.

On the corner where now stands the Babylon Club Cafe was the National Hotel, kept by Nathan E. Bassett. Had we started in the morning, and taken the walk to the westward and back, as our little story has led us, it would have brought us to Bassett's at about mail time, so we will take a look up the road to see if the stage from Deer Park is in sight, and we will stop into Bassett's and refresh ourselves with something from the old-fashioned cut glass decanters which he always kept on the top shelf. The bar room was on the west end of the house, and on entering the door we would be very apt to meet old Mr. Sharp, who was apparently generally angry with himself and every one else. He had his "pleasant spells" at times, however, but they did not attack him very often and were of short duration. This was the man upon whom some of the lively ones once played a trick which gave birth to the phrase that could often be heard on our streets for a long time, "Mr. Sharp, your oysters are ready," and many a laugh was enjoyed at his expense in consequence of it. It was at this house that the lamented "Ed" Snedikor could be found with his "little fiddle"

and it did seem that none other, could bring such sweet and delightful music from a violin as he could from this same instrument. Many are the feet which have danced the "double shuffle" or a genuine "break-down" to the inspiring strains of Snedecor's music, that will dance no more, having "shuffled off the mortal coil" forever. Nathan E. Bassett was a man of excellent good sense, with a large cheerful element in his "make up" and his estimable wife ranked high with the village people. Their able management of the "National" gave the house an enviable reputation.

The old National Hotel was afterward cut in two and moved on what is now Fire Island avenue. The residence of S. L. Seaman was built from one half of it, and that of Jesse Conklin from the other half, and is now owned and occupied by Lawyer Albert Douglas Haff.

At this spot a small red house stood near the street, in front of which was an old-fashioned well, with sweep and buckets. It was noted for its excellent water. It was filled up and forgotten, and was reopened a few years afterward by the late Jesse Conklin, for a fire well.

The red house was occupied by Richmond Pitts, our faithful friend and shoemaker. He hammered many soles, pegged many a heel, and stuck to his work to the "last," until he reached the end of life's thread.

The red house, together with the barns and stables of the National Hotel, stood on grounds which are now owned by A. D. Haff and Harry Jackson. The then well known "fiddler mare" was kept at these stables, and "Posey Jim" was her keeper, and the only one who could ride her. The mare was considered a very fast runner, but doubtless in these days her time would be considered slow.

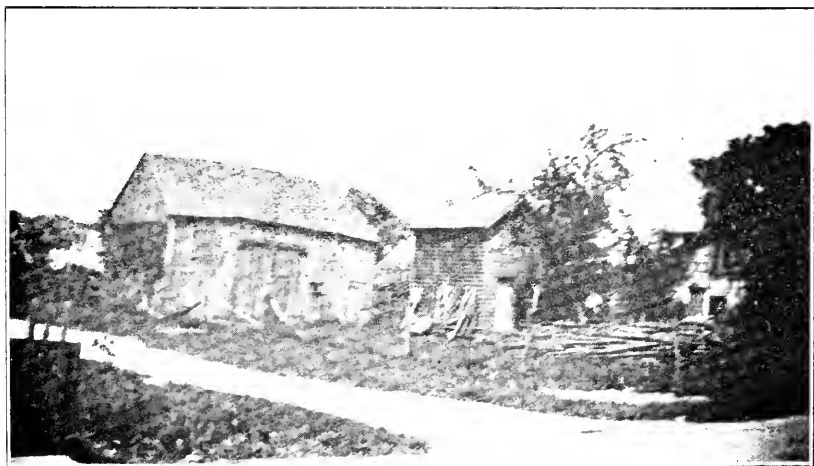
All the "old timers" will remember "Posey" and his big mouth. "Bob" Van Zandt, of Flushing, with some friends, drove up to the American House one day. Posey was hostler there, and came shambling up to take the horses. Posey was grinning, when "Bob" called to his companions saying: "Look at that darkey, every time he opens his mouth his head's half off." Posey's answer to a greeting was always "Fuss rate." If you should say, "Good evening Posey," his answer would be "Fuss rate," or "Very cold day, Posey," "Fuss rate." It was all the same to him.

There was no house between the one occupied by Mr. Pitts and that of Edwin Underhill on the corner where the residence of W. P. Reid stands.



Daniel Totten's House built in 1824.

This house was built in 1824 and was occupied by Daniel Totten and is still standing on Main street and owned by his son, Junius Totten.



Daniel Totten's Barn Yard.

This is the original barn and wood yard on the Daniel Totten place. On this place is located the celebrated Totten spring which was known as the best water in the village for many years. The old building used for the manufacture of high hats has been torn down. The large tannery of the Cooper's was just to the west of these buildings on the main road.

The road from the village to the bay is now called Fire Island avenue, where the car tracks are. The whole present Crescent property was the Underhill Farm and no street or road but the one mentioned.

Here comes the stage from Deer Park, and as it stops in front of the "American" we will step over to see who has arrived, and to count the passengers, numbering, perchance, three or four persons. There perhaps being no guests for the hotel, the stage leaves to deposit the "little mail bag" at the postoffice, and then to land the passengers at their own doors in the village. The postoffice was always an interesting place at mail time, and a number would be in waiting to see if the "little mail bag" had brought anything for them. It would not take long for the mail to be assorted, as it usually consisted of a few letters and about a dozen papers for those who happened to be regular subscribers. A daily paper could not easily be purchased at that time, for there were no "paper boys" to hurry almost out of breath to bring the paper to you before breakfast in the morning. Should the stage driver neglect to purchase some extra copies at Deer Park, you would be compelled to do without a paper, and be satisfied with asking later in that day, perhaps of Esquire Carll or someone else, if there was any news.

The postoffice was kept at that time by Lawrence Seaman, in his store near James Thorne's meat market, as before mentioned.

And now we will go a little way east, and return in the same manner as we did from the west. On the corner now occupied by Dowden Brothers stood the store of Smith & Bunce—Aaron Smith and Sidney Bunce. It was in time moved eastward to make room for the Willets' Building, and more recently taken away to accommodate the erection of the Sherman House, by our clever Sherman Tweedy, who succeeded the Willets, (Isaac and Martin) at the old paper mill many years ago, and who made a pretty good "pile" by his faithfulness to his calling. Tweedy was once noted for his high kicking. He could kick a peanut off his own head, and could kick a skylight off a house, if it wasn't too high. That is the only kind of "kicking" he did do, for he always agrees to everything that is right. He is a good landlord and a respected citizen, Mrs. Comstock lived up stairs in the east end of the building and carried on dressmaking. Stephen J. Wilson occupied the front room down stairs as a tailor shop. Mr. Wilson though small in stature had the spirit of a giant. He was fearless and bold in the right and was a living example of a manly man. He filled the office of Sheriff at one time, and other positions of usefulness. He was a devout mem-

ber of the Methodist Church through his long life. A tablet in the M. E. Church here attests the honor and esteem in which he was held. He died a few years ago, aged 97.

The building next to that, now occupied as a bakery and fruit store was the store of Charles Jayne and Edward Smith, who conducted business under the firm name of Jayne & Smith. Charles Jayne was a very amiable and upright man, and was for many years extremely useful in the capacity of local preacher. He left Babylon many years ago and made his home at Sing Sing. Edward Smith, his partner, was the son of David Smith, and was also a very upright man. He afterward engaged in business on Fulton Market, New York, and died in Brooklyn.

Adjoining the store of Jayne & Smith was the Sunpawans House, kept by Thomas J. Seaman. The bar room was in the western part. Some years after the death of Mr. Seaman the building was enlarged to its present capacity and conducted as a hotel for a number of years by Mrs. P. A. Seaman & Son, after which it was abandoned for hotel purposes, and is now owned and occupied by L. H. Fishel, our esteemed townsman and successful merchant. Our good neighbor has received his portion of success which has been well merited. Mr. Fishel still fills a large sphere of usefulness, and has, by his unswerving integrity and devotion to public, as well as private interests, won the esteem of all who know him, and stands foremost in the ranks of our best citizens.

A little way to the east of Fishel's store stood a dwelling house, occupied by Smith Albin and Smith M. Driggs. This house was moved eastward, remodeled and enlarged by Walter W. Robbins, and is now the residence of Henry Terry. The brick store now used by Higbie & Co. was built by W. W. & J. Robbins, and stands upon the former site of the dwelling house just mentioned. The next house, now owned by the heirs of the late Charles Hendrickson, was that of Alanson Seaman, brother to Thomas J. Seaman. The dwelling part was occupied by himself and wife. Timothy S. Carll, Esq., married their daughter Louisa, and resided with them. Mr. Carll was recognized as one of the first men of the village, and was always ready to help those who were in need. He would perhaps go further and do more to bestow a kindness than any man then in this vicinity. He was entirely unselfish and charitable in the extreme. His better qualities were never fully appreciated until he was gone, never to return.

The eastern part of the building, now occupied as a saloon, was the

store of the enterprising firm of W. W. & J. Robbins. They did a thriving business in general merchandise, wood, lumber, coal, etc., and were considered competent, progressive, business men.

Most of the country stores in those days sold liquor, and rum was an important branch of the country store trade, for most of the "old timers" would buy it by the jug and use it at home. The writer will venture to say that if some of the old accounts on the old books of the old storekeepers could be seen now, they would convince us that the old fellows of the olden times took just as much of "the stuff" then as many do now, only perhaps from the cup and "little brown jug" instead of from decorated glasses in gilded saloons and gorgeous drug stores. And while we are writing so much about the men who were more or less conspicuous at the time to which our story refers, permit me to stop for a moment and give a thought to the good wives of some of those men, and say that most of them were always prepared to entertain their visitors with a little something to take just for "the stomach's sake." A set of glassware was not considered complete without at least one pair of cut glass decanters and a set of wine-glasses, and in almost every house could be found a little currant wine, or its equivalent, and even among the most intimate neighbors a little cake and wine was considered the most fitting emblem of welcome, and was usually offered. Many a barrel and hogshead of the "critter" has been carted through Pensacola Lane, now Willow street, as all the freight for the stores in those days was brought by sailing vessels landed at the foot of that street by flat boats, or scows, and thence carted to its destination. Hundreds of cords of wood were sent away from here annually. This, in connection with freighting for storekeepers and others, furnished a lucrative business for the owners of a large number of vessels. This traffic all passing through the little street of Pensacola often made that short thoroughfare the scene of life and animation.

The business of the firm of W. W. & J. Robbins was very successfully managed. For many years they remained in the old store, as it was called, until they removed to the new brick building. When the Messrs. Robbins removed their business to the new brick building they gave up the sale of liquors, and in clearing and cleaning out their old stock in that line they emptied the dregs and settlings from promiscuous barrels, kegs, jugs, etc., into one cask and put it in an obscure corner in the cellar of the new store, to be used for mechanical or similar purposes. There were pure spirits and spirits impure; old cognac

and new cognac; importations from France and New Jersey; wines from the Mediterranean and wines of a domestic manufacture; rum from the Island of Jamaica and from Connecticut, whiskey from the hills of Scotland and from the valleys of Kentucky, or at least the dregs of all these, thrown into one cask, making altogether a mixture as varied and antagonistic as the population of some parts of the United States is today. The firm apparently lost sight of the cask, but some of the "coons" in the village caught sight of it, and tapped it, and for a long time "coons" were coming thick and often, and it may have been noticed they were always hilarious and having a "big time," to the wonderment of many who were at a loss to know where they got it. A change came after awhile. Things were more quiet. "Coons" were less conspicuous, and it was accidentally discovered that the cask had been tapped and was empty. The secret was out and that was the last of the old stock of imported wine and liquors.

Babylon (at that time) boasted of a well-organized and equipped military company, known as Company A, 16th Regiment, New York State Militia, commanded by James B. Cooper. The company made a very creditable appearance. Their frequent drills and parades often added life and animation to the little village, while the inhabitants generally felt proud of their soldiers. Babylon had no brass band then, but she had a martial corps. Charles Bishop played the fife, S. L. Seaman handled the bass drum, and Benjamin P. Field handled the tenor drum, and old Company A. has often proudly marched to the strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and if these tunes were not lively enough, just give Bishop the "tip" and he could rattle off "McCleod's Reel," "Soapsuds Over the Fence," "Nigger on de Wood-pile," "Couldn't Count Eleven," and in fact almost anything you wanted, and the drums would be there "every time." There is only one of the three now, and perhaps not a dozen out of a company of sixty or seventy are among the living. Capt. Cooper was a rigid disciplinarian, but not so well posted in military tactics as he would have been, had he been a graduate of West Point, or some other military school. It was quite common to see him with a book of tactics in his hand while drilling the company, and the book was often consulted before he would issue a command, for Cooper intended to be in military matters just the same as he always endeavored to be in everything else "right"—and he wanted to be sure he was right before he went ahead. The men in the ranks would sometimes be

compelled to wait a few seconds for the Captain's command, and occasional giggling could be heard at such times which usually brought a stern rebuke from the Captain: "Order there! You must not laugh in the ranks; now keep still; let me see—order arms is one time in three motions. Now, men, remember; order arms is one time in three motions; steady there now on the left; all ready; order arms!" Down would come the musket butts on the floor, bang! bang! bang! then like the last of the last pack of fire-crackers an occasional bang! until Alexander Jones brought down the last gun with a soft "sizz" that could scarcely be heard, but the Captain could see it, and he may have said: "Jones, you were a little behind. However, we will excuse you this time, but try and do better the next. Attention men; shoulder arms; forward; break ranks; march!" One of the company regulations was that every member must appear on parade with clean shaven face and hair trimmed. Mustache, whiskers, hair and all had to be sacrificed for the parades, which made the men all look like boys, and they were the cleanest-looking lot of men you ever saw. After a short time the company became proficient in drill and were the envy of some of the companies in the old 16th when on their annual encampments. James B. Cooper when young was slender in appearance. Later in life he became a portly man in size and for many years was known as Esquire and filled an important sphere of usefulness as Justice of the Peace until his death. Did the writer have as retentive a memory or possess one-half of the general knowledge that the late Justice Cooper did, this little narrative could be extended to an almost unlimited length, and be far more graphic and pleasing.

Next east to the old store which is now a cafe, was the house and office of Dr. Franklin Skidmore who was a good, old-fashioned doctor, and celebrated for his heavy doses of blue pills. He sold the property to Mr. Lucius Lum, and built the house on the opposite side of the street now owned by H. A. V. Post. Dr. Skidmore died very suddenly. He was kind in his attentions to the poorer classes, and his loss was keenly felt by many of them.

The next house east belonged to the Cooper family, of whom were James B., Simon W. and George D. Cooper. James B. was the eldest. The Cooper estate was a large and valuable one. It comprised chiefly the homestead on Main street, as before mentioned; the Tan House property, on the opposite side of Main Street where now is the house

of L. H. Fishel and Post's cottage and the farm, which has since become a thickly populated part of the village.

We will leave the old Cooper homestead and go on east, and if it is winter time, be careful or else you may "ship up" and fall down on "Cooper's Hill;" but safely down that, we pass the little old building where at that time Peleg Cooper was keeping bachelor's hall, and now come to the residence of James E. Dodd, who was a good-natured man, and never gave any one much trouble. He was the father of the popular Dr. Edward Dodd, now deceased. Uncle "Ben" Pettit and his wife lived in the same house. They were the parents of L. C. and George W. Pettit. Jonas Udall lived next door. Part of the old house is still standing, and is owned by the Higbie estate, next west of the garage on east Main street.

Jonas Udall was a brother to Thomas Udall, and the father of quite a large family, among whom were Silas, J. Sanford, Sylvester and others. Mr. Udall was a wheelwright by trade, but found a more lucrative business in selling blue fish to the fish-hungry population of Huntington and other North Side villages, which he did for a number of years. His daughter Sarah, now Mrs. Valance, kept a private school in a small rear building up stairs. The Odd Fellows Hall was up stairs in the main building.

Next was the wheelwright shop of J. Scudder Bryant. The shop was afterward converted into a dwelling and is now occupied by Edward Udall and family.

Then came the blacksmith shop of Samuel Maxime, where Stephen Crum served his apprenticeship. The old shop stands in the rear of the new garage.

Next was the butcher shop and homestead of Lawrence Baldwin. Everyone from Babylon to Sayville knew Lawrence. He could sell more meat and get better prices than any man who had the good fortune to be a butcher at that time. "High doddy, boys," was a great word with Lawrence. He would invariably whistle while sharpening the knife on a steel, and whistle everything but a tune. Mr. Baldwin was the embodiment of good nature, was very successful in business, and at his death left a large estate.

Mr. Baldwin married Miss Alletta Ann Higbie of Springfield, L. I. They had three children, two of whom survive, Antionette and John Lee Baldwin, John is well known in this community as a man of genius in

many respects. He is a machinist, an artistic painter, a boat builder and carries on the picture frame business.

Leaving Mr. Baldwin's place, brought us to the corner of Main street and Pensacola Lane, known as "John Oakley's corner." The store had been closed for some time, but was taken about the year 1853, and the tin and stove business established under the firm name of Field & Co. The business has been conducted ever since by B. P. Field, until a few years since, who was a member of the original firm. Let us turn the corner here, and as it will take but a few minutes, we will walk down to the creek and back, and then go a little way east. The low double house on the right was occupied by Mr. Field, who had just moved in the north part of it, and the south part of it was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Udall, who also had recently been married, and just commenced housekeeping. Thomas Udall, the father of Frank, lived in the next house southward.

Henry Weeks and family lived next south of Thomas Udall, in the house now belonging to the Tooker estate, Amos Tooker having purchased it at a later period. The old house was destroyed by fire. Floyd Pearsall purchased the property and has had his residence there ever since.

On the corner where "Uncle Jesse" Sammis lived for many years until his death, stood a house where jolly Platt Oakes lived. Platt was a sailmaker by trade, and a good one, too, although he spent much time in the bay, as many other men of his time did. He was a big man with small feet, which he could schuffle to the tune from Amos Tooker's fiddle in a manner that would draw rounds of applause. He could hold out to the last, for he was, as Jesse Conklin used to say, "a stayer". He was generally called Capt. Oakes. Every man who owned any kind of a boat, from a schooner to a "dinkey", was a captain in those days. I think Platt owned a "skiff".

Next to Capt. Oakes' house was the house of Fleet Weeks. Fleet was a jolly old soul, and loved a good spree, and would generally take it when ever he wanted it. He was, however, clever and harmless. His body was burned in the fire that consumed the residence of Howell Skidmore, near Deer Park, many years since.

The last house on that side of the street was that of Phillip Kellum. It was called "Old Temple", and afterward torn down and a new one built, which still remains. An old house stood near the dock, which belonged to Alanson Seaman, and was occupied by Nicholas Daily. It

was afterward added to the Tooker house, which burned down as mentioned.

If we should stand at the foot of the present Willow street and look down the winding old creek, now named Sumpawams River, in the quiet of our reverie we might wonder

Where are the boys that used to go and swim down in the creek,
And "hook" a boat to take a row, and glory in the trick?
When one of them made up his mind to borrow some man's boat,
He'd take the first one he could find as long as it would float.

Many an owner has gone down to go out on the bay,
To find some little wicked clown, had coaxed his boat away.
There was nothing then the man could do, but shake his fist and swear
And hear a jolly little crew, yell back—they didn't care.

And oftentimes, some three or four, mischevious little crews,
With borrowed skiff and stolen oar, with neither hat nor shoes,
While in their ranting, noisy fun would fairly rend the air.
For none of them would be outdone, and each would have his share.

They'd rig a mast from old sticks, and with a piece of sail,
Perform some skillful daring tricks right in a howling gale.
That's the way they learned to sail and make a boat work quick,
And no boy yet was known to fail, if schooled down in the creek.

Those boys would take some worn-out craft and make her forge ahead,
Some on the bow, and some abaft, no matter which one led,
No wine was had, no silver cup, no firing of a gun,
No sums of money were put up, but lots and lots of fun.

They're grown up now—and gone away, are scattered far and wide,
Upon life's broad tempestuous bay, to stem a different tide.
The Navy's claimed some of those chaps, who doubtless find it fun,
To answer quickly to the taps, or stand behind a gun.

On board the many modern yachts, among the gallant crew,
You'll find some of those little tots—big men both tried and true.
They remember what they early learned, full many a cunning trick,
Since the first "stake" boat they ever turned, at home down in the creek.

Or could you tread the decks of ships, or craft—of any note,
And see proud men in blue and gold, with braided cap and coat.
You'd find some mother's noble son, manly alert and quick,
Who could tell you that he first begun—with a skiff down in the
creek.

As we leave the creek and return to Main street, on our right was the house of Elijah Smith, an honest, quiet old man, who followed the bay for a living. He left a large family, among whom were Joel, Andrew and others. This house was afterward occupied by Uncle Peter Brewer and Richard Weeks. Weeks was noted for raising big crops of onions. He could often be seen with a wheelbarrow load of the biggest flat-fish you ever saw, on his way to the village to dispose of them. The house now belongs to Augustus Bishop.

The next house was that of Capt. John Jones. He was familiarly known as "Old Capt. Jones," and everybody in the place would listen attentively to the wonderful and thrilling stories he so often told of his adventures and experiences on the coast. His house stood on the site where John Frost's house now is.

Next to Capt. Jones' was the house of William W. Jarvis. It was afterward enlarged by Erastus Tooker, and later was the residence of David Ricketts, Jr., of whip factory fame.

The next house was that of John Newton, a man of great muscular strength and indomitable courage. He was fleet of foot and celebrated in his earlier days for fast walking and running. It was said that on one occasion many years ago he engaged in a running match in New York with some experts. He, being an easy winner, was accosted soon after the race, at the hotel where he was stopping, by a man who was apparently a bully, and who was jealous of Newton's laurels. Things were getting "warm" and Newton thought it about time, for his own safety and bodily protection, to "strike out," which he did. His opponent fell at the first blow, never to rise again—he was killed. Newton did not intend to kill the man, but he did not properly estimate his own strength or force. His fleetness on foot served him well at that time, for he trotted off and heard no more of it. There was no police force in New York at that time, no detective service, no railroads, telephones, or telegraph, or any of the modern appliances by which persons could be easily apprehended should their presence be required. Mr. Newton was also noted for his skill in breaking vicious colts.

Next to him in Pensacola lane lived a Mrs. Leek and family.

We leave Pensacola now, and go east. The house on the corner where Valentine Southard now lives, was owned and occupied by Miles Wood and family. Miles Wood was by trade a shoe-maker, but his mechanical ingenuity impelled him to leave that trade and adopt that of boat building. He built several boats, and had quite a reputation in that line. Mr. Wood was the brother of Capt. Smith Wood and grandfather to B. B. Wood, who is now an honored and useful citizen of Babylon.

Next to Miles Wood's was the house of Deborah Newton, who, with her daughter Sarah, lived upstairs. Townsend Frost and family lived down stairs. It is now the residence of Henry P. Kellum. A single wagon track commenced in front of this house, and run eastward through the brook and "mill-tail," so we will follow the road up in front of Oakley's old mill, and continue our walk. After crossing the mill-dam, in the first little house on the right lived Charles Betts. And the one east of that had just been purchased by William Eaton, the father of our James W. Eaton. Mr. Eaton had recently taken possession of it.

The house now owned and occupied by H. C. Hepburn was then in the course of construction by Boss Platt Heartt. He built it for himself, and occupied it for a short time, after which it passed to the ownership of F. W. Renwick, and later on to the present owner. The life of Platt Heartt was not always strewn with roses. But nature had endowed him with a gift of genius which made him foremost as a skilled mechanic. The Islip Pavilion was planned and built by him from a "job lot" of fragments of a lumber yard. That, and many other fine buildings through Islip and in this vicinity stand as monuments to his skill and ingenuity. He worked until he was "worked out" and then laid down in peace forever.

The house east of Platt Heartt's was a large two-story one which was occupied by Walter Ginnity. He was well known throughout this section at that period. He was one of the several young men who kept a good horse and was a familiar figure on the road, and stood well among his associates. His place was purchased by William Eaton, the father of our honorable neighbor, James W. Eaton. William Eaton lived on the place and worked the farm for many years. The old house now stands on the new street which extends to the bay.

Next east of Eaton's was the little house where Capt. John Bailey lived. It was later occupied by William Erwood. Everybody knew

Capt John, and liked him for his good nature and pleasantries. He had caught more clams than most any other man, for he always knew just where to find them and just when to go after them. He was hale and hearty, and had a peculiar grin on his face and a merry twinkle in his eye. One of his by-words "Hown now" would kindle the fun in the old man, even to the last. The writer always had a warm place in his heart for "Capt. John." He has gone to the unknown realms. "Peace to his ashes."

William Erwood occupied the house for many years. He was a native of England and was short, fat and stubby, extremely good natured and a full fledged type "John Bull."

Mr. Erwood was the first sexton of Christ Episcopal Church and held the position a long time. He was an excellent florist and gardener. The little old homestead, was a beauty spot, as long as he held possession of it. The little old landmark is now occupied by its owner, our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, Mr. Samuel A. Higbie.

There was no other house on the south side of the road east of where Capt. John lived, to East Neck or True's brook, except a small house down near the bay occupied by colored people.

On the north side of the road, a little way east, lived Thomas Wicks, then farmer for Gen. R. A. Udall. The house is now on the Wagstaff property and is occupied by William Grover. Mr. Wicks moved to North Babylon soon after vacating this house, and carried on farming for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Wicks had a large family of children, among whom were Pryor Wicks, Mrs. L. C. Petit and others.

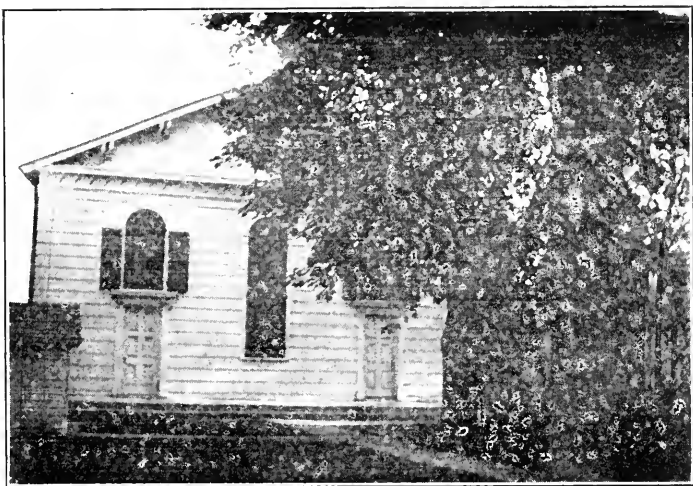
East of that and near the brook, which is now Wagstaff's pond, was the house of Gen. R. A. Udall, previously occupied by his father, who was famous in his day as Doctor Udall, and was considered a man of eminent skill. The island, with old willow trees on it, now on the west side of Wagstaff's pond, was then connected with the main land, and under the old willow trees stood the milk houses of the Udall family. One or more springs were near by, affording excellent water for dairy purposes. It was here that the milk and cream were kept. Old wagon wheels rigged on a post for drying the milk pans were conspicuous.

And the bright tins glistened in the morning sun,
After the milking and churning were done;
Then, in the shade of the quaint old trees,
Were sweetened and cooled by the soft south breeze,

Which came o'er lowlands bathed in dew,
Where meadow pinks and spearmint grew.
And the merry larks, in sweetest tune
Poured forth their song until high noon.
And the yellow birds with seeming greed,
Were feasting on the thistle seed;
While lazy sea gulls on the bay,
Whiled the idle hours away.

The Udall farm (or the north part of it) was sold to Cornelius J. Bergen of Brooklyn. The Mrs. Wagstaff mansion was built for Mr. Bergen by D. H. Voorhees and Joseph Larrason, two young men from Brooklyn, in whom Mr. Bergen took a great interest. These young men each married a Babylon girl. Voorhees married a daughter of Col. Stephen Leek, and Larrason married a daughter of Dr. Skidmore. The latter did not live many years, and Mr. Larrason married Miss Hannah Muney of North Babylon. The old Dr. Udall homestead was moved on R. A. Udall's place, later Magoun's, and afterward sold to Lawrence Baldwin and removed to Higbie's Lane and converted into tenement houses. We will now go back to the brook. Should you cross the little bridge at the brook you would surely stop to look at the large school of beautiful trout which could always be seen in the hole on the south side of the little bridge.

A little way to the east, stood the house of Joshua and Richard Willets, who were old-fashioned Quaker gentlemen, and who for many years were extensive cattle raisers and farmers. Their farm lands embraced that which now includes Col. Alfred Wagstaff's, C. D. B. Wagstaff's, Phoenix Remsen's, Keith's, Sillman's, Benjamin and John L. Stephens', and Havemeyer's places. The original deed from the Indians for this property was in the possession of the Willets at that time. Richard Willets usually walked to Babylon every day, and kept up this habit as long as he was able. He was a very cheerful man. On entering the village he would stop at every store and workshop with a joke, a smile and a good word for all. He was always welcomed, and was sadly missed when he was "called home". "Uncle Joshua" survived his brother Richard and often came over to the village with his old black horse. He wore homespun yarn knit mittens on his hands, and a broad-brimmed Quaker hat on his head. These men, like many more old-time Quakers, have passed away, and they cannot be duplicated in these days. Their virtues are the golden threads in the American life of



Old Presbyterian Church built in 1839.

This was the third church built by the Presbyterians. It was erected in 1839 and is now used as a Sunday school building. It occupies a site between the present church, built in 1870, and the second church, built in 1784, and now used as a dwelling house. The church built in 1784 was a two-story structure, it contained no walls and was heated by foot stoves until 1831, when a wood stove was installed.

today. The old apple trees on C. D. B. Wagstaff's place stand just east of where their house stood, and were doubtless planted by these men or their ancestors.

John H. Miller's was the next house east of the Messrs. Willets', and had recently been built. Mr. Miller was an expert agriculturist and a quiet aimable man, and was highly esteemed. He was what the world would call a "good liver," and there was considerable humor in his nature, as his pleasant face often indicated. He once engaged a boss painter in Babylon to do some painting. The boss took a man over and introduced him to Mr. Miller, and set him to work. The man was working along and was extremely reticent. After several days, Mr. Miller, forgetting the man's name, approached him and asked his name. The man replied "Doolittle." Mr. Miller thoughtfully said: "I think you have a very appropriate name, for I don't think you've done much, and they made no mistake when they named you Doolittle."

Standing at Higbie's Lane, and looking eastward, we cannot see much further, so while here let us look north. Going northward up "Love Lane," as this road was called in earlier times, it being a romantic spot for spring lovers, on the right lived Billy Hardey and family. We could see the old schoolhouse on the left hand side, where Stephen Nicolls once lived. Stephen was the father of Hiram Nichols, whose eccentricities made him quite noted in this vicinity in his time. He was a self appointed prophet whose prediction were uttered with vehement emphasis.

Then came the house of Amos Dow, who was one of the best captains that ever sailed a boat for the guests of the LaGrange House in its palmy days, and who could, in his peculiar way, make more fun in less time than any of the many of the fun loving jokers who seemed to abound in this vicinity at that time. His favorite song "The Grasshopper Jumped on the Sweet Potato Vine," is doubtless remembered by many besides myself. He lived in the same house until he died. His wit and humor seemed inexhaustible and apparently, was ever present with him.

Then there were Billy Crum and his meek little wife; Philip Dow, Jacob Dow, Amos Baldwin, Smith Wood, Samuel Miller and Israel Totten, whose wife always brought better butter and larger eggs to the store than any one else, and who always obtained a little better price than any of her neighbors. But most of these old folks and many others have "gathered in," so we will draw the curtain at Higbie's lane and

start on the way back to Babylon. We will first however, ask you if you remember old Uncle "Tim" Rogers? And who that ever knew him does not remember him. For you could always hear him before you could see him.

"When he walked he raised his foot, and then he put it down,
He had the biggest pair of boots of any man in town."

One striking feature of good old Uncle "Tim" was that he would always put his mouth to your ear to whisper, and you could hear him almost to the other end of the town. For his voice was "pitched" on a low bass key, and had a carrying power which would be the delight of many professional singers.

Before we go to Babylon, we will stop at the LaGrange House, which was kept so long and so successfully by Richard Higbie, and his father, Uncle "Sam" Higbie before him. We will not tarry long here, for Higbie has gone to Deer Park with the stage and the bottles are all locked up in the little closets behind the counter, and the women folks have the key, and they are all as "busy as bees" in the kitchen, cooking steak, broiling bluefish and getting up a supper, which they knew how to do so well, and for which the LaGrange House was noted. It is almost time for the stage to arrive, and a goodly company is expected. We don't want to bother the folks in the kitchen, so we will return to Babylon.

But wait just for a minute. Do you see that big black walnut tree on the south side of the road, where the boarders at the hotel used to while away their time in their easy chairs beneath the shade of its mammoth limbs? And do you notice that shattered limb? Well, that was struck by lightning in August, 1854. Now we will go on west toward Babylon, and first we will pass the house of Harry Suydam. Mr. Suydam married Phebe Higbie, sister to Richard and Benjamin Higbie. Mrs. Suydam was an amiable woman, and was noted for her kindness. "Ben" was a boy then. He is ripening in years now. He is a powerful debater, and has a storehouse of knowledge. For he knew every old-timer, and just how much he was worth. The house he occupied for so many years was the residence of Harry Suydam, who married Phebe Higbie.

Mr. Suydam later on built a house farther east, which was afterward purchased by Richard Arnold, and the property is now owned by Mrs. Annie E. Arnold.

The old house mentioned was purchased by Edwin Hawley and has been removed back and remodelled.

Next was the house of Isaac Brush. This property is that on which now stands Christ's Episcopal Church and Rectory. The entrance to Mr. Brush's door yard was near the old willow tree which is standing there at the present time.

Next was the house of "Master Billy" Conklin, as he was called. His wife was formerly the widow of Mr. Pelletreau. She had a son, Henry Pelletreau, who was conspicuous at that time among the young men of Babylon and vicinity. He married Miss Julia, a beautiful and amiable young lady, who was a sister to Richard and Benjamin Higbie. Henry Pelletreau did not live many years to enjoy his married life. Uncle Billy Conklin's house stood near the road. The barns and rather unsightly cow-yard were west of the house, close to the road. The farm was purchased by Ralph Smith, who occupied it for a time, until it was sold by him to C. J. Bergen. Mr. Bergen moved the old house back, improved it, and later on sold it, with the farm, to E. B. Sutton, Esq., who transformed it and made it into one of the most beautiful places on the South Side of Long Island, and named it "Effingham Park," presumably after himself. It is now owned by the millionaire, Edwin Hawley.

A little house was built near the mill pond by George Howell, usually called "George Hoyle." The house has been remodeled and is now owned by Mrs. Bross. George Howell spent some time in California in the early fifties, and could tell some pretty good stories about many things he had seen there, the truth of which was not to be doubted. But "Al" Weeks, who was quite a "wag," used to work George's feelings to a high pitch by insinuating a doubt as to the truth of some of them. In the presence of a number of the villagers one evening, "Al" called their attention to corn growing in California. He said "Out there corn grows forty feet high; there are about ten bushels of ears on one stalk, and on the top of each stalk is a big gourd, with a bushel of shelled corn in it." Some one said: Weeks, where did you hear that?" and the answer was: "George Hoyle told me so." Of course the laugh was on George. He looked at "Al" for a few minutes and if the language he used could be heard in these days, it would cause an earthquake or a cyclone. But with these men it was always give and take and always ended in good feeling.

We go back by the old mill and stop to speak to Uncle Nathaniel Oakley. Perhaps he is about to light his pipe, and if so we will watch

him, for he had a peculiar way of doing it which was: Strike the match, then pull quick and hard, brimstone and all, it made no difference; and if he didn't get it the first time, he would keep on until he did; and every time he failed he would say "Blastnation to it." Uncle Nathaniel was a good millwright and an excellent mathematician and civil engineer. It is an old saying that "miller's hogs are always fat." His were never an exception to this rule, for he always had a pen of fine porkers, and in addition thereto a large stock of the best and fattest poultry. This branch, however, was attended to more particularly by his faithful wife, generally known as "Aunt Sally". She was a good woman and an excellent cook, as the writer of this sketch can attest, having partaken of many a good feast while enjoying the hospitality of their old-fashion pleasant home.

Uncle Nathaniel's personal appearance possessed an originality which made him conspicuous. He wore a "smock" frock, or over garment which covered his whole body, and came below the knees. A high black beaver hat, very high, and looked older than himself, all well covered with miller's dust, white flour. He was a deep thinker and a great reader. It was a common thing for him to sit up until late midnight with his hat on reading scripture books which were entirely too deep for the average man. His wisdom was dealt out to those who sought it, without money and without price.

Eliphalet W. Oakley, son of Nathaniel, succeeded his father in the milling business, which he carried on for a number of years. The old mill was later used as a whip factory by David Ricketts, deceased, afterward by his son. It has recently been removed by Mr. Hawley who has purchased the mill property.

In the next house west of Mr. Oakley's lived Thomas Burton, a tailor, in the west end, and George Vosler, watchmaker, in the east end. There was no Cooper street at this point then, and nearly all the land to the north of Main street belonged to the Cooper estate.

An old house stood on the spot where the Tierney buildings are, and where the East End Hotel is now. It was occupied by John S. Bryant. It was afterward removed around the corner on Cooper street, and now constitutes one of the African "flats" which abound in that locality, and which are now being removed.

The next house was that of Daniel Totten, where all the peddlers used to "put up". Next to this house was Mr. Totten's hat shop. It was called the hat shop because in earlier days Mr. Totten being a hat-

ter by trade manufactured old fashioned "Beaver" hats for the city trade. They are not worn in these days, the silk "Plug" hats have taken their place and are specials. After Mr. Totten gave up making hats, his son Baltus used to make brooms there, although he was blind, yet he was a very handy man in various ways. For many years he was a familiar figure on the place, and always manifested that quiet amiable spirit which usually grace those who have the misfortune to be sightless. The Weeks Brothers, of Hempstead, used to bring unmade clothing here at this old shop, and distribute it to a large number of females to be made up for city trade. The work was called "California work," and a large number of women in this section found acceptable employment in making up these garments.

The sudden emigration to California in "Forty-nine" when gold was discovered there made a special market for many things, among which was men's clothing; and the clothing was for that trade. There were no domestic supplies in California and efforts were made to "rush" some there, but the only way to reach that part of our country was around Cape Horn which took six months by the best vessels of that period. The adventurers at first mostly went to mining with the most crude and simple outfit. A common shovel would cost about ten dollars, a six-quart tin pan six dollars and everything else in proportion. Many lives were sacrificed among the earlier settlers of California.

Next to the Totten place was Cooper's old tan yard and tannery, where Pelig Cooper, fat, hale and hearty and jolly as a sunbeam, and Uncle "Nat" Cooper, lean, lank and pale, the opposite of Pelig, worked together for many years and never quarreled. Uncle Pelig was a heavy weight man and well along in years, but he used to amuse the younger ones occasionally by taking a few "fancy steps" as light as a girl, while Uncle "Nat" sedate as a Judge, would say, "You're all poor critters anyway."

Next to the tannery was the shoemaker's shop of Edmund Tarver, who afterward moved to Iowa.

Next was the store of Pettit & Tompkins. This store stood close to the street. It was afterward purchased by W. W. Robbins and converted into a dwelling. It has been re-built at different times and is a commodious building, now owned by H. A. V. Post, Esq.

The next house was known as the "Yellow House". It stood near the street about on the line now between the dwellings of the late D. S.

S. Sammis and H. A. V. Post. Edmund Tarver lived in the east part down stairs, and Samuel Maginnes in the west part. Mrs. Mercy Seaman lived up stairs on the west side, and Mrs. Cooper (widow of Samuel) and her son Edward, lived upstairs on the east side. The entrance to Mrs. Seaman's apartments was by outside stairs on the west, and to Mrs. Cooper's by outside stairs on the north side. Edmund Tarver and wife were a gentle couple and they were "English" people. One day, Mrs. Tarver, whose name was Rebecca, stood in the back door, while Edmund was in the garden near by. She called to him thus: "Edmund, be'ent there any more beans in the garden, Edmund?" "No, Becky, there be'ent." A listener gave this to the writer at the time about 1854. It is given to show the quaint English method of expression.

"Tamar," a neat and respectable colored woman and the mother of "Posey Jim" and "Pete", lived in a little red house in the read. It was afterward occupied by James White, and then by Mr. Knight, a mason by trade. Mr. K. came here to build the oven for the bakery now in use by Mr. R. E. Worth. Mr. Knight was a snake charmer, and it was a common thing for him to have one or more snakes in his hat or bosom. On one occasion he went to New York and "put up" at the Gerard House, corner of Chambers street and West Broadway. He took a large black snake with him, and he was puzzled to know what to do with it. He kept it in his room during the night, and rose early next morning and put the snake on a little spot of grass between the building and the fence on the Chambers street side. He then walked down toward "Washington Market," and when he returned he found the whole of that part of the town in an uproar. Apple-stands were turned over, the "apple women" crying "holy murther," men and boys with guns and clubs, and the snake was dead. The snake had found its way to the gutter, and was caught going toward Greenwich street. An account of the event was published in the New York papers under a big heading "First Snake Discovered in New York in Many Years." Old Knight was the only one who knew anything of it, and he kept "mum" and laughed in his sleeve, and perhaps the writer is the only one who remembers the event.

The next house to "The Yellow House" was called the "Old Church." That also stood near the street, and had been a church at an earlier period, but was now used as a tenement house, and was occupied by various families, among whom were Platt Oakes, Henry Crum, Joseph Jacobs, Sr., and others. It was purchased at a later

period by Martin Willets, removed and made into a neat dwelling. It is now owned and is the residence of the heirs of our late fellow townsman D. S. S. Sammis.

The name of D. S. S. Sammis seems to be indelibly photographed into almost everything that is or has been prosperous in the village. Mr. Sammis at times proudly boasted that his boyhood days were spent in work, and hard work, for little pay. Mr. S. is not alone in this, for many of America's prominent men and business giants, in early life, had a similar experience; and their experience as boys, taught them not only the value of money, but also the intrinsic value of time. Possessed of an unconquerable ambition and clear foresightedness, Mr. Sammis reached the goal of success. His stores, dwellings, farm lands, hotels, etc., greet the passer-by at almost every turn and unmistakably speak of his success. No one envied him his success, but all admired his ambition and business qualities, for while doing for himself he was also doing for others by giving employment to many who profited by it. The advice of men like Mr. Sammis can usually be safely followed, and if there are any young men here who wish success and do not know how to obtain it, we would advise them to go and ask men like Mr. Sammis, and then follow their advice. Young men seeking advice of Mr. Sammis in his active days would have received about as follows:

Get up early, stay up late,
And be on time, and never wait;
Trot your horses, never walk,
"Put up your dollars," and stop your talk.

Always win, never fail,
Weigh the anchor, hoist the sail,
"All aboard"—get under way;
Don't hear what others have to say.

Never mind the snow or rain,
A twinge of gout, or chronic pain,
Stop your growling—go and do
As I have done, my whole life through.

How do you expect to get your bread,
Loafing away your time in bed?
Get up—get out—and scratch around,
There's enough if only found.

It was left for Mr. Sammis, even in his early days, to see and appreciate the natural advantages of Fire Island Beach as a desirable location for a summer resort, and he frequently asserted that at some day it would be used as such, and become noted as one of the best places in the world, and if he should live, he would make it so. This idea clung to him so closely, and his convictions in that direction were so decided, his inclinations to see his idea carried out so strong, that he could wait no longer, and about the year 1854 he secured the property and hastily built a shed, and, with Selah Strong, commenced business at once, just before the Fourth of July. The writer well remembers the excellent dinner he enjoyed at the "shed" with some friends on that Fourth. Mr. Sammis at once made preparations to build, and early the following spring he built the east end of the "Surf Hotel." The building was one hundred feet long, and was considered a large one. Shortly after this period a financial panic swept over the whole country. It came like an overwhelming storm, driven to a state of mad fury by the angry winds. The dangerous seas ran high, and the darkness and violence of the storm were prolonged for many nights and days, and pall of gloom hung over all, frightening every sunray of hope, which seemed to shrink from the dark shadow. The storm continued its devastating work until wreck upon wreck were splintered upon the rocks, and the whole shore and coast of the financial and commercial world were strewn with the wreckage and fragments which the monster storm had left as souvenirs of its destructive work. Mr. Sammis, like a faithful captain when his ship is in danger, stood at the helm of his own craft, and with keen eye and strong nerve kept it head to the wind and rode upon the wave. And from the deep trough of the sea to the white crest of the topmost billow, far, far above

The moaning winds and ceaseless roar
Of the maddened surf along the shore,
Ever anon a voice was heard
As clear and shrill as a singing bird;
"You
can't
fool
Sammis."

And the same human nugget of perseverance, energy and self-reliance, that was often seen on the street under a "beaver hat" and big

overcoat was the man whose early ideas were correct. He lived to enjoy the fullest fruition of his early hopes, and the name of Sammis and the "Surf Hotel" became favorably known all over the world.

The old district schoolhouse was next to the Sammis'. It was in this old building that meetings were held when the question of building a new schoolhouse was being considered. Great excitement prevailed during this period. A vote was at last taken, which was in favor of a new schoolhouse, and the building which is now the Lyceum on George street was erected. The old building was purchased afterward by James Bostwick, removed to Deer Park avenue and converted into an oyster saloon. It afterwards passed into the hands of Christopher Lake, and was used for a tailor shop. The teachers of the old school were Mr. Armstrong, Cyrus Strong, Mr. Wilcox, George R. Bishop, A. C. Carley and George A. Doane. George A. Doane at one time peddled books and solicited subscribers for a newspaper, the "New York Merchant's Ledger." On one occasion, when the writer was going to the city, Mr. Doane asked him to call at the office for some sample copies of the paper. The little office was on the top floor and Robert Bonner was the publisher. He and two others, with sleeves rolled up, were working like beavers. The paper was changed to the "New York Ledger" and Robert Bonner became rich and famous.

Miss Gloriana Rice succeeded Doane in the old schoolhouse until the new one was built on George street. She was the last teacher in the old building, and the first principal of the new school. Miss Rice not only possessed a natural faculty for teaching, but she also had a magnetic way of weaving the influences of her own virtues and graces into the characters of her pupils. She had the same unconscious way of winning the hearts of her scholars as she did the heart of the man who sought her hand. On the day that Miss Rice became Mrs. James B. Cooper many of her scholars were present. They did not throw rice after the newly married pair, for they knew full well that Mr. Cooper had already harvested the best crop of "Rice" that had ever grown, but in the absence of rice there were

Roses and kisses,
With posies and wishes,
Sweet fragrance pervaded the air;
Goodbyes and cheers,
Moist eyes and tears,
And hearts softly breathing a prayer.

Mrs. Cooper possesses all of her good qualities still, and fills a large sphere of usefulness while enjoying the highest esteem of all who know her.

Next to the old district school building on Main street, stood the old Presbyterian church. It was moved back to make room for the new church building, and is now used for a Sunday school and lecture room. The old Presbyterian church was known as the First Presbyterian church of Huntington South. Gaylord L. Moore was the pastor. Babylon at that time belonged to the town of Huntington. The old church was usually well attended on Sunday mornings. Many of the staunch families along the South road worshipped there, coming from as far west as South Oyster Bay, now Massapequa. The families of Timothy Carman, Treadwell Carman, Samuel Ireland, Thomas Ireland, Selah Wilmarth and many others from that section, while from the east were the Thompsons, Mowbrays, Colts and others. These people were never intimidated by a few clouds or a storm, but were perseveringly faithful in the performance of their religious duties, and every Sunday morning the old church was filled with these worshippers, locked up in the straight backed pews, for each pew had a door, and a button on the inside. That would look strange in these days, but it did not look so then, for most of the churches of the olden times had the same arrangement of pews. The high, "boxed-in" pulpit would seem in strange contrast to the "low-down" graceful platforms from which the Gospel is preached in these days. The lamented Dr. A. G. Thompson was a conspicuous member of the church at that time, and in the absence of the preacher frequently conducted the services. John Mowbray was the choir leader. There was no organ in the church, and Mr. Mowbray got the pitch of the tunes from an old-fashioned flute. The choir was strong in members. They never met for rehearsal, and if they were a little out of time, or a little out of tune, they were to be excused. Their singing was devotional, and perhaps ascended farther Heavenward than much that is considered of a higher culture and may be more artistically rendered. But no church choir can give correct and pleasing music without constant practice. Every singer or musician of experience knows full well that it requires a long and tedious practice to attain anything like perfection—especially in vocal music, and oftentimes the best efforts and gratuitous service of those who constitute our church choirs are the least appreciated, and doubtless many who would attain to a high degree in the art of singing become discouraged and

musical talent is blunted and dwarfed in consequence of thoughtless and unjust criticism. But excuse me, dear reader, I am—as many are apt to do—“wandering off.” So I will go back to the old church. Soon after this a melodeon was bought and Miss Martin, a sister to the pastor’s wife, played it. The melodeon was soon replaced by an organ. New material came in the choir, progressive systems were adopted, and in a little while the singing was up to an acceptable standard, and creditable to the church and place.

The Methodist church was smaller but has grown to its present healthy proportions, and now at the present time, with the Presbyterian Methodist, Baptist and the Catholic Church in the village and the Episcopal Church of West Islip, with its chapel in the village where frequent services are held, both the village and community, have a goodly share of religious teaching, enlightenment and encouragement. This is well fortified by influences which radiate from our schools, social and benevolent orders, societies, etc., all of which affords a moral status and supporting influence equal to the best, even at Oak Island Beach the little chapel is a reminder to all the summer visitors that a welcome awaits them where they can spend an hour or two in quiet devotion, where the life savers sometimes “Throw out the Life Line.”

Adjoining the Presbyterian church property on the west was a small burying ground, which had been there many years. Next to that was the homestead of Mrs. Carll, the widow of T. Platt Carll, who for many years kept a store in the west end of the house and afterward on the opposite corner, and was succeeded by Smith & Bunce. Mrs. Carll’s property extended from Main street northward to the north line of the Landwehr block, the greater part of which comprised a well-kept and beautiful garden. The house stood close to Main street and near the corner. It was a comfortable mansion, and had an inviting appearance. It was afterward purchased from D. S. S. Sammis by the late John Lux, and removed to where it now is, near the Babylon depot, and is used for a boarding house and called the Washington Hotel. The small grave-yard was next to the Presbyterian church property. It had at some day formed a part of the land which was at the time we write owned by Mrs. Platt Carll. The grave-yard property, it was said, was purchased many years previous to this time by a number of men jointly exclusively for the purposes of burial, and that no one could claim ownership to it. Aaron Higbie, one of the original purchasers, used to say that he wanted his body buried just inside the gate, so he could keep

Thorne's sheep out. These animals, strange to say, would often find their way there, where they could secure good "picking."

The Carll property was purchased at a later day by D. S. S. Sammis and is now covered over with buildings which are known as the Sammis Block. The ice house belonging to the Platt Carll place stood close to the sidewalk on the Deer Park avenue side, about where the barber shop of Charles Kleiber is. Nobody but David Smith could fill the house, and nobody else ever did so long as the ice house remained. Platt Carll, as he was familiarly called, was a man of great force of character, and could express his opinion very emphatically should occasion require it. In those days men were more free to give and take a joke than they are now. It frequently happened that he was compelled to take his share of them. Many of these, no doubt, if they could be gathered and related, would substantiate the belief that there was more mischievous fun indulged in among the villagers in those days than there is at the present time. On one occasion, his neighbor, Sol. "Hawks," the blacksmith, wishing to use a wheelbarrow, and having none of his own, went to Mr. Carll's store and said to him: "Mr. Carll, I would like to borrow your wheelbarrow. Can I have it for a little while?" Mr. Carll said: "Sol., why in thunder don't you own one yourself? Take it, but don't forget that when you are done with it to come and let me know." "Sol." thought he saw an opportunity here to have a joke on Mr. Carll, so when he had done with the wheelbarrow he went to the store and said: "Good morning, Mr. Carll." "Good morning, Sol." Mr. Carll, I am through with your wheelbarrow; you know you told me to come and let you know when I was through with it, so I thought I would just say to you may have it now, and had better send Marcus up after it." Mr. Carll looked at him, and with a mouth full of big words opened a battery, and "Sol." knew there was a storm close by, and he went out of the front door on a "double quick" with a grin on his face that was peculiarly Solomon Hawxhurst's. Marcus, just mentioned, was a colored man in the employ of Mr. Carll. Marcus thought his master was sometimes a little too severe with him, and was telling this to one of the solid men of the village one day, and the man said to him: "Mark, if you will chew a certain kind of root and whenever you get near your master spit on him (don't be afraid), in a very short time, by keeping this up, you can make him obey you, and he will follow you like a pet lamb and do whatever you would have him do." Marcus thought it would be fine to have

his old master waiting on him for awhile, and, like many colored folks at that period, he had faith in roots. He procured some of the right kind and commenced business. Being shy of his master, he would always get behind his back to sprinkle the magical extract. Mr. Carll noticed that his clothing was fast becoming soiled, and he brushed hard and often, but the spots did not disappear. On the contrary, they became more numerous, and he was puzzled to know the cause. Turning suddenly one day when Marcus was near, he caught him in the very act of working his charm. Mr. Carll quickly thought "Mark" was not alone in this, and with a good-sized oath said: "Old Charles Wicks put you up to this, I'll bet; but I'll learn you a lesson, old darkey." Marcus tried to control his master with "Keep still, keep still," "but the floor came up and struck Marcus in the face," and when he recovered from the effect of the blow he was so badly frightened that he was several shades lighter in color for many years afterward.

Mrs. Platt Carll was a sister to the late Ellis Strong. She was a very estimable lady, and her family were popular and interesting. Augustus P. Carll was one of her sons. He was then employed in the large dry goods house of C. W. & J. T. Moore, at Park Place and Church street, New York City, and was a very brilliant young man, whose society was much sought after. He afterward went to China, thence to Japan, and was drowned on the coast of the latter country. There were two other sons, Samuel and Edward. The whole three were models of neatness and gentility. Soon after the activities of business commenced at St. Paul, Minn., Samuel and Edward Carll became established there in the general commission business. W. R. Hubbs who recently died at Central Islip, left the employ of W. W. & J. Robbins and went to St. Paul with the Carlls. Edward Carll was the bookkeeper for the firm. His penmanship was beautiful, beyond description, and was considered to be almost matchless. Its extreme neatness was in keeping with his personal appearance. The Platt Carll family, once numerous and prominent, became, like many others, few in number and strangers to the place that was once their pleasant home.

We will continue our way up Babylon Lane, now Deer Park avenue. After leaving Mrs. Carll's garden was the residence of Charles Jayne, now owned by Mrs. Phinette Cooper, and next was Col. Stephen Leek's. Mr. Leek carried on the carpentering business, was popular, and when his mind was once made up his opinion could not be easily changed. His shop stood where the Alhambra is now. His home was

where Mr. Ohlmiller built two stores. The old house was moved to the rear.

Next to that was the house of Aaron Smith, of the firm of Smith & Bunce. This house stood where Johnson's confectionery is. It was moved north and is occupied by Mrs. Jackson, the mother of Capt. Carl Jackson.

Next was the house of Stephen J. Wilson, before mentioned. His estimable wife always took great interest in her garden, which in the proper season, abounded in choice fruits and flowers, and was the admiration of many. Stephen J. Wilson and wife were the parents of our respected townsman, Edwin Wilson, who has served so long and faithfully as collector of our school and village taxes and fills that position. The old Wilson Homestead is at present owned by Capt. Edward Frost and is occupied by Mr. Crone.

Next to that was the old Methodist church, now used by that society as a Sunday school room. The old church stood on what is now the north part of the Wilson property. Rev. F. W. Sizer preached in the church at that time. Mr. Sizer was of the good, old-fashioned Methodist type. Religious revivals frequently took place in the old church, and many who have passed "beyond the tide" to the beautiful "land on high" were convicted and converted within the sacred precincts of the old "meeting house."

Next to that lived Solomon Hawxhurst, a man with as loud a voice and as big a heart as any. He carried on the blacksmithing business. His shop stood near the street, next south of the shop of John Snodgrass, which is now the music store of H. P. Bishop. The house which Hawxhurst lived in, now belongs to George Jarvis, and is occupied by himself and Charles Seigel. Hawxhurst afterward removed to Pennsylvania. Andrew Titus, the father of Stephen A. Titus, learned his trade with Mr. Hawxhurst, and succeeded him in business, which he carried on until his death. The land north of Hawxhurst's residence nearly all belonged to the Cooper farm until we reached the house where Mrs. Jackson then lived.

The next house north of Mrs. Jackson's was that of the widow of Thomas Jayne. One of her sons was nicknamed "Johnny Gourd." Later on he made semi-annual trips through this section selling "Jayne's Liniment." The Jayne's house stood where Nelson G. Carman lives in summer.

The next house was that of Thomas Wood. This house was afterward owned and occupied by Edward Berry, who lived there until his

death. It was removed to make room for the house built by E. R. Durkee which is now known as the estate of the late H. I. Nicholas, Esq. The old house was purchased by Isaac Willets, removed and converted into small dwellings, which now stand near the railroad north of Squires grocery store and make desirable residences for small families.

The next house was occupied by John G. Schumaker, a lawyer, who afterward became a man of considerable prominence in the city of Brooklyn, to which place he removed after leaving Babylon. This house was purchased by Mrs. Balchen and since then has, like many other house of the people of earlier days, been changed into tenements for those of a later generation..

Next was the farm of David Smith, which has materially changed by being laid out into streets and building lots.. David Smith and his sons were true types of the staunch American farmer. Their fidelity to their calling was worthy of emulation, for it was based upon an ambition which carried them beyond all possibilities of failure and crowned their labors with success.

Behind the plow, in the furrowed field,
Helping the earth bring forth her yield,
And not a murmer, or discordant word
From these strong men were ever heard.
Steady and true, though the days were long,
They clung to the right and spurned the wrong,
And a peaceful rest was their well earned crown,
At night, when after the sun went down.

The next house was that of John Oakley, the next to him lived Amos Tooker. Mr. Tooker was a man with some peculiar traits of character, and of some prominence. He built several vessels, the last of which was a schooner "The Baxter," and was built at the foot of Pensacola Lane, now Willow street. He was a very fast walker, yet to the common observer this fact was not noticeable. In earlier days, before railroads were known on Long Island, Tooker's business frequently called him to New York, and the only way to get back and forth was by stage, which run from Babylon to Brooklyn. If Mr. Tooker was not ready to take the stage, either in going or coming, it made no difference to him, for he would let the stage go, and would walk, and it was said, would often make as good time as the stage would. He was like many men of his time, he had a good stock of stories to tell, which by repeating would never grow less. And while he was a man of the strictest in-

tegrity, whose word was "good as his bond," he could practice great economy in telling a story and make a little go a long way.

In the next house north lived Hannah, the widow of Jonas Gilderleeve. Later in life she became the wife of John Newton. This property was purchased by P. H. Foster, and for many years was the famous Babylon Nursery.

Adjoining that, was the farm of Harry Smith, afterward occupied by Charles S. Green, and later on the country seat of the late R. G. Rolston, Esq.

Next were the houses of Leonard Young and Billy Foster.

The house of Royal Butler was next, and then Hewlett Weeks, now Edward Muncy's, and then Smith Conklin's, the father of the late David S. Conklin. Smith Conklin always drove a pair of oxen, which he was constantly urging, and sometimes the more he urged, the slower they went. His "g'long! g'long!" could often be heard in the village. He was frugal and "honest to a penny."

Next lived David Crossman, and next to him lived "Diah" Weeks.

But, we are getting too far away from Babylon. We will therefore turn and go back, but first let us look over in the lot and we may see "Uncle Diah" Weeks hoeing corn without any hat on his head. He would always work out of doors bare-headed, no matter how hot or how cold it chanced to be.

Turning from Diah Weeks's and looking westward we may notice a road, we will take the road and proceed to the west a short distance to the old grist mill and pond, also the farm, all of which belonged to Stephen Sweezy. This property passed to the ownership of Mr. Sweezy's son, Gilbert, and Stephen Sweezy, purchased mill property south of Jamaica and removed there. Gilbert Sweezy sold the mill property and farm to August Belmont, Sr., which ever since has been known as the August Belmont place.

On our return south now to Babylon we see on the right, the farm of long John Oakley, which afterward belonged to William Burling, who tried to raise heavy crops from light soil.

Next to that were the farms of Treadwell and Miles Weeks; both were thrifty farmers and exemplary men, and left a posterity who follow in their footsteps, and are worthy citizens.

The next resident was Eliphalet Platt. He was a very small man, but could in his earlier days, cut more grass in a day, and carry a heavier load inside of his vest and get safely home with it, than any man double his size.

Next was Stephen Sammis. He lived there many years and was respected by all who knew him.

The next house to that of Stephen Sammis' was "Aunt" Louisa Leek's, and then came the farm of Elias Leek. Mr. Leek was an upright man, and a frugal, thrifty farmer. He dealt largely in cord wood, and was a hard worker. He was an intimate friend of David Smith, and like him in many ways. He made farming a success. Elias Leek was a brother to Aunt Sally Oakley and Mrs. Edwin Underhill before mentioned.

Next to Elias Leek's was the house of Harry Dow. An old-fashioned well, with its long sweep, stood in front of the house, near the front gate. Harry's voice was naturally set on a very low key, and when he talked it sounded as though it came from some deep cavern. He usually wore a high black hat that had been brushed so often that there was not enough fur left to require the use of a brush any more. He carried a very crooked cane, and was always accompanied by his little dog, which kept close to his heels. F. M. Southard occupies the premises now.

Charles A. Dow was then building the house on the corner of Southard's Lane and Deer Park avenue. He afterward removed to Dubuque, Iowa. Solomon Smith has owned the home for many years.

The next was the house of Jacob Dow, who was found dead one day under Nathaniel Oakley's mill.

JACOB DOW UNDER THE MILL.

Dying and dead, under the quaint old mill,
Through the lone night, while the wheels were still.
And bright stars came, their watch to keep
Over the dead in his long last sleep.

Dead! in the morning on the cold, cold ground;
While the mill wheels merrily went around,
And the south winds blew the silvery spray,
On the form whose spirit had flown away.

Dying and dead, in the cold dark place,
No tender hand to smooth his face;
But Angels came, with staff and rod,
To bear his spirit home to God.

Next to Jacob Dow was the house of Frederick Smith, standing in front of the Babylon Burying Ground, which was a small place, with but few tombstones to mark the overgrown and apparently neglected mounds. At that time the burying ground was considered quite a distance from the village, but since then the village has grown up to its very borders and almost encroaches upon its sacred precincts. The little space has been added to and has grown to be a good-sized cemetery, and is kept in better condition each succeeding year. It is here where the remains of one or more members of almost every family of whom we have written have found their last resting place and are almost forgotten by the world.

Passing Frederick Smith's house, we would come to where Richard Dingee once lived. It was occupied by Whitman Jarvis. "Whit" peddled fish and clams for a while, and afterward built a hut on the east end of Oak Island, where George Mott's home is, and was for a long time engaged in the clam trade. At that time clams abounded in the waters of the bay, and were especially found in the vicinity of Oak Island. They found a ready sale in Babylon and vicinity. It might be well to state here that a clam trade at that time was of no small magnitude. Several vessels were engaged in transporting them to New York and other places. It was a common sight to see several sloops or schooners at the same time in Babylon Cove with an empty basket at the mast head, signalling that they were ready to load with clams. They were not kept waiting long, for clams were plentiful. Thus a lively trade was kept up for many years. But now that branch of the bay industries has had its day, and exists no longer, except to an extremely limited extent compared with the past. The large bargain store, built by Mr. Burns, stands on the old Jarvis homestead, corner Park avenue.

The first house south of Jarvis' was that of Charles Wicks. He was at one time connected with Stephen Leek in the carpentering business, and was known as "Carpenter Charles." This served to designate him from "Long Charles," "Short Charles," "Old Charles," "Young Charles" and "Pond Charles." His farm comprised all the land lying between the grove, now the Dollard Block, and the Babylon cemetery, and extended westward to the brook. The railroad now runs through what was once his corn fields and pasture lots. "Carpenter Charles" was, as many old-fashioned men were, good-natured and easy, and quite humorous. One very dry summer, when crops were light, a friend met him one day and said: "Uncle Charles, how is your hay this year?" He answered: "Fine, very fine; almost as fine as needles." Mr. and

Mrs. Wicks had a large family of daughters, all amiable and handsome. They were among the elite of the place, and were held in the highest esteem.

We are now coming back near the village, and the next house was the Presbyterian parsonage, occupied by the Rev. Gaylord L. Moore. Mr. Moore was a talented and accomplished gentleman, and was beloved, not only by his own congregation, but by all who knew him, for "to know him was to love him." He was faithful and successful in the discharge of his ministerial duties. But he, like many other good men, loved some things that perhaps may have been termed a little worldly. He took great delight in his garden and was seldom outdone in growing fine crops and choice kinds of fruits and flowers. His poultry yard was stocked with the finest Shanghais and Brahmas that could be found, and his hens were never behind those of his neighbors in laying eggs. Mr. Moore's official duties were arduous. On Sunday he preached at Babylon in the forenoon and at Islip in the afternoon. He kept a horse, which, though not handsome, was yet a good stepper and it quite often happened that on his return home from Islip on a Sunday afternoon he would be overtaken by some of the young "sports" who were numerous at that time, each one of whom kept a good horse, and on their return, perhaps from Capt. Carey's or Stellenwerf's, would be driving at a lively gait, and anxious for a brush with anyone they might overtake, and sometimes it happened to be the minister. The reverend gentleman would take no notice, apparently, to the Sabbath breakers, but his horse would catch the spirit of "go", and the sly pressure on the bit was well understood by the animal, and all the apparent hard pulling of the driver would not keep him in check. It oftentimes occurred that a good "brush" was had in that way, and if the minister's horse came in ahead there was a smile somewhere down in Mr. Moore's coat sleeve.

In many ways Mr. Moore differed from most clergymen. He made men one of his chief studies, and took especial pains to make the personal acquaintance of men, the average men, such as may be found in any village or town. His theory was, that he thought he was studying that which was nearest to God, so he made himself friendly to all classes and conditions of men. He did this without lowering himself or sacrificing the dignity of his calling. He was a close observer, and a student of human nature. It was a common thing to see him beside the blacksmith at his forge, or the shoemaker on his bench. In fact, the workers in all local industries, would frequently receive a short friendly call from

him; always accompanied with a cheering word and pleasant smile; while he was drawing inspiration from what he saw and heard among the toilers in practical everyday life. He preached, and believed that the best and the nearest path which led Godward was through the hearts of his fellow beings.

The next house south of where Mr. Moore lived remains just as it then was. It was occupied by the highly esteemed family of Sidney Bunce.

Next to that house was the house of John Snodgrass. Next was the harness shop of Mr. Snodgrass. It stood where Bishop's Music store is. Mr. Snodgrass was always a lover of poetry and music. He formerly had quite a store of good old songs, many of which he would often sing in a pleasant and winning manner on fitting occasions. Among his favorites were "John Anderson, my Joe John," and the "Down Hill of Life," which were always listened to with marked attention and were highly appreciated.

Next to this shop stood Solomon Hawxhurst's blacksmith shop, where Terry's large building is, and then Smith & Jarvis' wheelwright shop, and south of that a little red house then used by them as a trimming shop. An old pear tree stood in front of it, which always attracted the attention of the boys as soon as the pears were large enough for them to knock off.

We now come back to the American House, from which we first started.

The reader will remember that our story last week brought us back to the American Hotel. We will tarry at the corner for a moment to tell you that right on this Babylon Lane, now called Deer Park avenue, is where all the horse racing and trotting, foot racing, greased pig chasing, sack racing and all that class of sports often took place. It was on this lane that the once famous trotting mare, "Lady Suffolk" made some of her best time and showed to the world that she was the fastest trotter of that day. The writer of this sketch has often seen, even in his day, some good racing and trotting down this street, and has witnessed the commoner sports of foot racing, etc. And, indeed, foot racing was quite common then, but was not considered as belonging to the higher class of sports. Almost everything has changed since then, and foot racing is now embraced on the code of athletic exercises and as such is encouraged by many who favor such sports, and in fact by almost everybody except "tramps". They believe in walking. Oliver Smith, from Penataquit, (now Bay Shore), used to run very fast, as

well as a number of others; and then "after all" short "Abe" Crum, could beat them all. He was low rigged, and when "under way" his legs looked like a spinning wheel; but he "got there with both feet," and has carried off many a laurel. The reader will remember that when we started on our long journey it was from the American House. It has taken some time to go over the route. An let us consider that while we have been thus engaged, "The American" had its "ups and downs" and a varied experience under different managers, and had lost much of its old time prestige; but in time Selah C. Smith had given up his store business at Islip, and had purchased the "American." In imagination we drop in and see how nice everything was. Mr. Smith had brought new ambition, new regulations, new system and almost everything else new, and under his wise and judicious care the house soon regained more than its former reputation, and actually became famous and celebrated for its orderly regulations, as well as for the quality and quantity of its viands. Mr. Smith was a man who personally looked after those valuable "little things"—details. Certain farmers brought him eggs; certain others milk, and a number of faithful women in north and northwest Babylon raised early chickens expressly for the "American," and for many years "Selah" went after the chickens himself, paying "spot cash," and every chicken must be of standard weight. All the old patrons of the house knew of these things and appreciated them, enjoyed the comforts of the "American" and patronized it liberally. Selah remained at the "American" until he built the "Watson House," and removed there. He was an excellent horse man and an expert judge of that animal, owned many a fine one himself, and at times received a very acceptable revenue from his careful investments in horses. Selah was of a cheerful disposition; he loved a joke, and seldom lost an opportunity to "get the laugh" on someone. But some of his "chums" caught him just once, and perhaps it will do no harm to tell it here. Mr. Smith often went to New York, but would never remain over night. On one occasion his friends made his business so important and delayed him so long that he was compelled to remain all night. His friends urged him to visit the "San Francisco Minstrels" that evening, all occupying prominent front seats. "Backus" and the other members of the troupe had been posted, and in due time the "middle man" said:

"Mr. Backus, I have missed you lately. Have you been away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"Down to Babylon."

"Put up at a hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"What hotel did you stop at?"

"The American."

"Who is the landlord?"

"Selah Smith."

"Set a good table?"

"Yes, yes."

"What did you have, Mr. Backus?"

"Soup."

"What kind of soup?"

"Bean soup."

"It was good, was it?"

"You bet. I nebber saw any such soup before. I went and asked the cook how dey made it."

"Did the cook tell you?"

"Yes, he told me."

"How was it made?"

"He said they took a half a barrel of water and put two quarts of beans in it, and let it cook two days, then strained it." The laugh of the whole house of course, was on Mr. Smith, who took it very kindly, though much embarrassed.

From the American House we will go over to Smith & Bunce's store, but first will ask you to notice that long part of the American House which runs northward; well that is the ball room, and there is where they used to have balls, too. When Watson kept the house sociables were held every two weeks during the winter season, and they were jolly times. During the time that Selah C. Smith kept the house it was often filled to its fullest capacity on occasions like that just mentioned. The town clock ball and the centennial reception were occasions long to be remembered, as well as any other notable events.

The view from Smith & Bunce's store commanded Babylon Lane now Deer Park avenue, and from the stoop and front windows an excellent view could be had of a race, without paying "gate money." It was said the store would often do a thriving business on such days—chiefly from a class of people whose religious scruples would forbid their appearance on the street to witness a horse race; but they could

“kill two birds with one stone”—do their trading and see the race at the same time. A certain good minister at a little earlier date was known to exactly fit a chair that belonged in the store and on racing days the shrewd clerks knew just where to place it, and when the minister came to do his trading he would be just tired enough to sit down in the chair to rest until the race was over and the crowd out of the way so he could go home. He would always see the race, and, of course, enjoyed it.

We will now take a walk down toward the bay, through what is now Fire Island avenue. We have spoken of the west side of the street before, and will now notice what is on the east side of it. Smith & Bunce's feed house was the first building south of the corner store, and next was David S. Conklin's cabinet making and undertaking establishment, and next the home of Henry Placide, the once noted comedian. Mr. Placide was an old school comedian and a “star.” He lived in an era that could boast of the best talent that ever graced a stage. “Old-timers” will remember the names of Burton, Blake, Wallack, Brougham, Barrett, Wheatley and many others famous away back in the days of the Park Theatre, Burton's in Chamber street, the old Broadway, etc. These men were all favorably known to theatre-goers, and were patronized and appreciated. Henry and Thomas Placide were brothers and used to take part in a play called “The Brothers.” George Barrett was called “Gentleman George.” He lived at Islip when aged and he and Henry Placide visited each other frequently, and were both interesting men and gentlemen of the highest culture. The house in which Mr. Placide lived is now a tenement house.

Next was the small cottage on the southwest corner of what is now the Watson House property. It was then occupied by Jonathan Sammis. It stands just south of the Watson House.

The next house was that of Ira Oakley, on the corner, which remains there still and is quite an “old landmark.”

Captain Ira Oakley was a man of small stature, but he possessed fortitude and courage sufficient for the most stalwart giant. His manly characteristics, and skill in handling a boat gave him a preference over many others in “sailing company” in the old days. It is quite evident that his sons inherited many of his traits. Captains Henry and Smith Oakley through most all of their years have followed the water, chiefly on the Great South Bay, and have always been recognized as “Front Rank” men.

The old song of "A Life on the Ocean Wave, And a Home on the Rolling Deep" as it used to be sung everywhere from sixty to seventy years ago, must have captivated the heart of Henry Oakley, for when a young man he engaged in the whaling business which meant to be on the water. Henry Oakley was not the only one for "Old Neptune" lashing and surging upon the south shores and east end of Long Island bewitched many of her best young men to try both the romance and realities of a life on the sea, such as could be experienced on no other vessel than a whaling ship. The Civil war afterward found an important "port" for many of these men in maturer years, and among them was Henry Oakley who became Lieutenant in the Navy and who secured many "marks" to his credit and appointments to honorary positions.

Captain Smith Oakley and his big sail boat the "Tommy Dodd" figured as a "Leader" in the Great South Bay and have furnished untold delight and pleasure to countless numbers who were his patrons, while both the days and years were going by.

Both Henry and Smith are hale and hearty and apparently love to handle the "tiller" as well as ever.

The house recently used as a wireless telegraph station was occupied by the "original" Andrew Jacobs, it was then being built by Platt Frost, who was a brother to the late lamented Townsend Frost. Platt moved away from Babylon soon after building this house.

Andrew Jacobs, was one of Babylon's oldest citizens. Everybody knew Andrew, for he remembered everything that had transpired since Eclipse and Henry run. He was a good talker, and was always full of "game." Many years ago he owned the fast sailing cat boat "Modesty." She was the fastest boat that sailed from Babylon Cove at that time. The writer, with a number of others, formed a sailing club named after his boat "The Modesty," and frequently took an excursion with Andrew, who was always in his best trim and happy when the Modesty Club were having a jolly good time.

In this southeastern section of the village, the view is attractive and varies with the change of seasons and weather conditions. In summer when the meadows are green and reaches out to clasp hands with the uplands by the winding road which leads to the dock it is fringed with myriads of matchless wild flowers and specimens of grass, which are to be found nowhere else; and which gives to the meadows a beauty which is all its own, while the waters of the creek flow on its winding way from where the old mill flume was, to the bay; which is

ever ready with open arms to receive it. The waters of the creek shimmering in the sunbeams lends an additional charm to the scene; and enhances the view eastward toward the beautiful West Islip section; and in the glow of a summer day it brings to the observer a sensation of a restfulness and delight. But the conditions, even in summer are sometimes suddenly changed. When the angry east wind starts westward as a pioneer to the storm which is to follow, changing the peaceful scenes just described, to one of fury, storm and perhaps danger.

When winter lays hold of all things with its icy fingers and the green has turned to gray, and the meadows are sear and its beauty gone, except to the few who have a love for nature in all her forms a scene strikingly peculiar to the winter season is occasionally seen and this change of scene occurs—

WHEN THE TIDE IS RUNNING LOW.

When the northwest wind is blowing hard, and the tide is running low,
And the bottom of the creek is bare where the water used to flow.
Where oftentimes 'tis deep enough to sail the biggest boat;
But when the tide is running low, a dinghy wouldn't float.

Beyond the creek, along the shore, the sand flats are all bare,
And men with baskets, spades and hoes are busy working there,
Digging the big fat, luscious clams which on the sand flats grow,
And a jolly time the clammers have, when the tide is running low.

The wind blows over the meadows cold, and touches with a sting,
But the men heed not—and the winter gulls are soaring on the wing;
They scream and watch with eager eyes, and when the clammers go,
They have a feast among themselves, where the tide is running low.

And tired men, with fingers cold and shoulders with a load,
Are wending toward their quiet homes, along the frozen road.
Kings might envy them their feast, but a man must dig to know
The sweetness of the clams they get, when the tide is running low.

We have made no special mention of the homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Underhill. It was an attractive place, with large flower gardens, etc. Both host and hostess were hospitable and much respect-

ed. James T. Bertine bought the Underhill homestead and farm, which included all the present Crescent property. Mr. Bertine established a steam saw and turning mill near where B. P. Field built a new house on the corner now owned by Mr. Harris. The mill was under the care of the late Boss Platt Heartt, and was used for turning locust posts and sawing yellow pine rails for the fences of the whole farm. And much of it remains on the Crescent at the present time. The homestead was afterward purchased by Hon. John R. Reid, a man whom all knew, and on whom nature lavished the gift of superior intellect, and a discriminating literary taste, together with an ambition to make the best use of his endowments. Through his own efforts and a strict adherence to those principles which act as levers to lift a man up to the platform of success and fame, he achieved a fame which many able men have failed to do. In early life the law was chosen by him as a field for his labors and through his entiring energy he reached the top round of the ladder in his profession, and could doubtless look from his exalted position down over life's road, and wonder, even to himself at the obstacles which he had overcome in his own onward and upward course.

Many a fading glimmering ray

And weary night have passed away.

While he was gathering gems of literature and plucking knowledge from the solid books of law, to be carefully stowed away in his great mental storehouse, which was already well filled with a goodly share of that which he was seeking. Horace Greeley once said: "Young man, go West." John R. Reid, would doubtless have said: "Young man, go wherever duty calls, but above all else go to work."

'Tis work that brings the whitest bread

And slumber sweet to the weary head.

'Tis work that graces the toiler with an independency of manhood that is exalted and honorable. On the bench, at the bar, in the store and work shop, on the old farm—or wherever it may be—'tis work that will bring Heaven's smiles and light the dark pathway of life, and aid you on your way to an honorable and successful career.

At the time of which we write most of the people of Babylon were natives of the soil, and but few lived here who came from a foreign country. I can scarcely call to mind but two heads of families who were natives of Ireland. One of these was James Durkin, who worked for Mrs. Platt Carll; the other was Nicholas Daily, then in the employ of Alanson Seaman. This fact was so marked that when Prospect street

was laid out, and Nicholas Daily became one of the first purchasers of lots on that street, some wag called it "Cork Avenue," and it was known by that name for some time. The owners of the property who gave it for a street desired that it be named Prospect street, and it was a long time doubtful which it should be; but more of Ireland's fair representatives moved in and all became Americanized, and the natives in the meantime increased and multiplied, and the view from "Nick's" house toward the bay being so beautiful, it was said: "Let it be Prospect street," and so it has been ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Daily lived long and prospered. Both himself and family were respected. His boys don't care whether he was born in Ireland or Deer Park. They are somewhat "Corkey", however, in this particular: They always float on top, and you cannot sink them. Nicholas Daily and his buxom, bright, cheerful, industrious wife, were a frugal and a prosperous couple, and commanded the esteem and respect of all who knew them. They were the parents of a large family, among the survivors of whom are our honoured fellow townsman and Supervisor, Edward Daily, Charles S. Daily, of Islip, and Thomas Daily of Jamaica, all representative, staunch and prosperous men. A living credit not only to the name of those who reared them, but also to the place which they still love to call home sweet home. The population of Babylon today, like all other villages in our land, is made up of people of nearly every nationality.

Back in the earlier days all the fresh water streams in the near vicinity of Babylon were well stocked with trout, which afforded excellent fishing for the lovers of the speckled beauties, who found pleasure in the fascinating sport of taking them. The old hotel registers could show the names of some of the most prominent men of the country, who have spent many a happy day in gratifying to the fullest extent their love for angling. The faces of such men as Daniel Berrien, John Schenck, Philo T. Ruggles, Royal Phelps and a host of New York's favorite sons were familiar to our villagers, for they spent much time here, enjoying the sport that no other locality so near New York could furnish.

The bay fishing at that time was all that could be desired for either pleasure or profit. The first blue fishing the writer ever enjoyed was off Conklin's Point, where those fish could usually be caught in great numbers. In the autumn of 1853 the writer purchased five blue fish weighing about fifteen pounds each. The man from whom they were purchased had a two-horse wagon load, many of which undoubtedly were equal

in size to those mentioned. The price paid was four cents per pound. When blue-fish made their appearance in the bay (not ocean), usually the latter part of May, extra stages and wagons would be required to bring loads upon loads of jolly fellows from Deer Park on the arrival of the trains there, who had come to have a good time in blue-fishing. They would be sure to have it, and would return home with full stomachs, brown faces, happy hearts and plenty of fish. Such parties would often leave a large surplus of fish on the grass lawns at the hotels and anyone in the least fish hungry could help themselves to their satisfaction. Fish invariably run large in size, and such as are in these days readily sold in our markets would never have been brought ashore by the old-time fishermen.

What has been said in this little sketch in relation to blue-fishing interests in the bay might also be said in relation to that of eeling. Could anyone have walked down Fulton street, in the city of Brooklyn, fifty or sixty years ago, they probably would have noticed many peculiar looking wagons on both sides of the street near the ferry, and on looking up Fulton street would perhaps have seen still more coming. They were all of about the same style, being low rigged, with a long body and a top covered with unpainted canvas. These wagons, in appearance were much like those used in earlier times by emigrants going West, and one would have taken them to be such until they learned that they were used chiefly for carting eels from Babylon and vicinity to the New York markets. After seeing these wagons and learning for what they were used, if you could, like Amos Tooker, (walk from Brooklyn to Babylon in six hours or more), you could have seen at about regular intervals between Amityville and Patchogue great wells or springs, near the brooks, that were filled with dressed eels, placed there to cool and harden, and be ready for the marketmen to take to market in the top wagons before mentioned. The following story was told of the once popular Gen. R. A. Udall, while representing this Assembly district at Albany. One evening, while entertaining some friends at dinner, the conversation reverted to the fishing interests in Mr. Udall's district, and the question was asked by someone from the interior if eels could be found in the waters of the Great South Bay? The General's answer was: Eels? you bet. It must be a cold day when they can't; you can go down on my shore anywhere and wade in the bay up to your your pantaloons pockets in nothing but solid eels. Whenever we want eels we take a basket and just scoop up all we want." The story per-

haps may be somewhat exaggerated, but it will suffice to convey the idea that in earlier times eels, as well as everything else that had a home in the bay, were far more plentiful than at the present time.

Perhaps there were not so many boats employed at that time in carrying company, and it may be they were not built with such graceful outlines and made so beautiful in appearance as many of them are now; but they were built as strong and were as able to carry a load and battle with the wind and waves, as those are of the present time, and they were called boats instead of yachts. Steam yachts and power boats were not dreamed of then. Their captains were as skillful in managing their vessels, and they considered themselves in full uniform when dressed in an oil-skin suit and a "sou'wester" hat, instead of gold buttons and gilt trimmings. Summer cabins were not known then, and most of the pleasure boats were open, and parties going on the bay generally expected to return with a sun-burned face and wet clothing, and in that particular were seldom disappointed. Beach parties were of frequent occurrence. The villagers and others would join, and oftentimes several boats would be required to accommodate them. They would go somewhere on the beach, the men would catch the clams and all have a jolly time, and such clam bakes as they would have, will do to talk about, but are seldom seen nowadays. On the home trip all hands would expect to have a "good ducking" and were not disappointed. The "women folks" enjoyed it as well as the men. They would be dressed for it and expected it. Saturday was a great day for the bay with the "Up Neckers", people living up north of here, so called at that time. Loads of them could be seen coming down on Saturday morning, with the biggest wagon they had.

They would have a regular "salt up" and bring home clams enough to stock a good-sized market in these days, and enough to last them until Saturday should come again. Among the captains of the sailing vessels who plied their trade between Babylon and New York and other cities may be remembered Capt. Jonathan Sammis, Fleet Sammis, Joseph Albin, Nathan Rose, William Brower, Leonard C. Pettit, George W. Pettit, Amos Tooker, John de Garmo, and others whom memory fails to recall. During the summer the captain of each sloop or schooner would find time to have his vessel "cleaned up" and invite everybody to have a sail to the beach. Everybody would accept the invitation, and a good time was generally had. The decks of the vessel would apparently make as good a dancing floor for the excursionists as the

opera house stage does for the elite of New York in these days, and the music of one fiddle, vigorously played, would incite the feet to as true time and graceful step as the inspiring strains of Gilmore's Band or Bernstein's popular orchestra do now. Such sports were peculiar to this locality, and were enjoyed by those who lived here before us. And while this old-fashioned sociability prevailed so generally, and was conducive to make the summer pastimes enjoyable and pleasant, it was not forgotten in the winter season. There was seemingly more snow during the winter months then than of later years, and sleigh riding was fully indulged in. Large parties were often made up for a ride to some sister village. These excursions would frequently occur, and a good time would always be had. It was considered a nice evening's ride to Conklin Vandewater's, at South Oyster Bay and return. A ride to Vandewater's usually included a stop at Oliver Powell's, who kept a hotel just west of the old toll gate at Amityville. Oliver and his great laugh would always meet his guests at the door, and his salutation was: "Well, I declare. Boy's, I'm wonderful glad to see you." With a short stay at Oliver's, it would not take long to reach "Conk's," who was always ready and always expecting company at sleigh riding times. A good supper and a lively dance, and then off for home. Often could the merry jingle of sleighbells be heard on the midnight air, their music echoed back by happy voices from under the robes, while the fleet horses beat time with their feet and trotted homeward at a lively pace. Many would often join in these rides to Vandewater's, and the time was pleasantly enjoyed. There is no Oliver Powell's now, no Vandewater's, and no old-fashioned sleighrides to the places that were once so popular. Should many of the young folks of the present hear the old people talking of "old times," and, perhaps with a sigh, remark that times have changed since they were young, they would very likely say: "The old folks are a 'little off', they are getting so very childish it almost kills one to bear with them." But could they know one-half, they would not blame the old folks for cherishing pleasant memories of the past, even in small things that go so far to make life pleasant or otherwise.

It seems true that life is made up of small things, and very often, we are reminded of the lessons taught by those sweet simple words, Little drops of water, little grains of sand, etc., whom the author, Mrs. Julia A. Carney, has penciled off for some children when she was a young woman, never dreaming they would ever become immortalized or popular, and so sometimes a little thought will become fixed in the

mind, or an incident occur through which something will be brought into existence, becoming helpful to some, valuable to others and of benefit to all.

Many years ago there were two men living in Babylon who became close companions and intimate friends. It was the custom for many years to secure a boat for the summer season, and together, would frequently go for a day's pleasure on the bay, to the island, etc. It happened one day while they were having their lunch on the meadows at Oak Island. A few of the town officials, (who were there on some business for the town), came along, and were invited to partake of a lunch with the two men. They accepted the invitation and appeared to enjoy the affair very much, which was particularly noticed by the two "hosts", who thought that at some future time, they would give the officials something on a larger scale, really worth enjoying.

The following season they planned to invite the "Town Board" and a few other guests to spend a whole day with them at the Island. They secured the services of Babylon's favorite caterer, the late John M. Baylis, and procured a large tent which they pitched on Oak Island about where F. S. Thorpe's house stands. A day of feasting and fun was enjoyed by the dozen or more who constituted the party. The late Charles T. Duryea, who was supervisor of our town and kept the Sumpawams Hotel at the time was "toast master." Among the thoughts inspired by this festive occasion was one to the effect that something of this character should be had often and on a larger scale. On the Beach opposite was the original building of the Life Saving Station which had been abandoned and was empty. One of the guests said: "Let's buy a part of the Beach for ourselves." Another responded "Yes and take the old Government building and fit it up to suit us, etc, etc. Supervisor Duryea calmly remarked: "Boys, the building belongs to 'Uncle Sam' and we are his children." If we want the building we'll take it and "Uncle Sam" won't say a word. These thoughts followed the members of the party to their homes, and it led to convening a large portion of our business men in a meeting at the Sumpawams Hotel, now the Fishel Building, at which meeting the Oyster Planters and Business Men's Association was organized as a club, with suitable constitution and by-laws. A lease to run for twenty years was taken upon a piece of land on the Beach three thousand feet east and west, and from the Bay to the Ocean. The old Life Saving Building was confiscated by "Uncle Samuel's" children and moved to about the middle

of the land covered by the lease. The building was enlarged and remodeled and established as the club house of the Oyster Planters and Business Men's Association, on the spot of Van Nostrand's Hotel, and the old building was incorporated into the present "Van Nostrand House."

The by-laws of the Association were printed in 1879, with a membership at that time of fifty-one. Much less than one-half of that number are now living.

The chain of circumstances which has lead up to the present popularity of Oak Island and all the other Island Beaches in that vicinity can be traced back and down through the Oak Island Club, (as it was mostly called), and from the club could be traced to the accidental or incidental meeting of a few of the town officials, and the two men who entertained them for a short spell on the meadows at Oak Island, at which time not one cottage had been erected either on Oak Island or on Oak Island Beach, except the Life Saving Station. In after years while enjoying the pleasures of Oak Island, the following lines suggested themselves which the writer begs leave to insert at this point:

OAK ISLAND REVERIE.

I love this charming place
With its plain and simple "make-up"
In the morning when I wake up;
And quiet reigns apace,
How sweetly comes the resting,
With no anxious cares molesting
And peace fills all the space.

The meadows clothed in green,
With their graceful outlines curving,
And whose shaded nooks are serving
As a resting place and screen,
For birds when wearied flying,
And are mating, cooing, shying—
In quiet all unseen.

The placid land locked cove,
The view from the little island
O'er the bay toward the highland,
With blue skies arched above,

And tides both ebbing and flowing,—
Trim vessels coming and going,
Inspires naught else but love.

Out where the sea gulls call,
From over the broad, blue ocean,
Where the waves in ceaseless motion
Playfully rise and fall,
Comes a voice the deep sea raises
Which join the wild bird's praises
To Him who made it all.

It was on the meadows at Oak Island and the Beaches where farmers from near-by used to harvest the salt hay, in August and September. There was quite a romantic side to this kind of work, though it was laborious. The preparations for going to the islands, the good wives of the men preparing their lunch and jugs of wholesome beverages to take with them, the drive to the village and the boating across the bay, to the islands, and then—the mowing, such as used to be done with scythes, had just the shading of romance sufficient to give to the men the ambition required to perform their task. When the highest points on the Island and Beach began to be dotted with cottages, the view from these was beautiful and interesting, at the right season little groups of the haymakers could be seen in different parts toiling in their honest way, cheered by the balmy winds and the sight and song of birds near by. The impoverishment of the meadows, the introduction of machines instead of scythes, and from other causes, the haymaking season on the Islands is almost entirely a thing of the past. The last hand mowers the writer remembers to have seen is some years ago, when one morning three men appeared back of his cottage on the Island; and ere long they were in trim and at work. Three men with scythes mowing as men used to mow, the scene seemed almost new and claimed the attention and admiration of the inmates of the cottage, until the haying was finished which lasted several days. Not being able to recognize the men, the “glasses” revealed their identity proving them to be Woolsey Youngs, Jesse Weeks and Elias Floyd, the latter a colored man. All aged men and were reared on the outskirts of our village and were faithful, true, upright and honest; a fair type of the many whose life honored the name of manhood in the days gone by. The reader will excuse

the introduction (just at this point), of a few thoughts which impressed themselves upon the mind of the writer in witnessing the picture just described :

The old mowers came from over the bay,
To mow the salt meadows, and harvest the hay;
Strong men, with brawny arms and brown,
To gather and glean till the sun went down.

With well measured strides all in a row,
Over the marshes with their forms bent low,
Worked the mowers—away out to the line,
With keen blades glistening in the bright sunshine.

The mowers toiled through the long August day,
Raking and stacking and carrying hay,
To the distant barge which was lying in wait,
To carry safe home, the harvested freight.

They gathered and gleaned the russet brown hay,
While the meadow larks sang the hours away,
The barge sailed back with the men to the town,
The haying was done and the sun went down.

Anon—when the cold winds of winter shall blow,
And the air and crevices are filled with snow;
And haymaking time is a thing of the past—
The song in the meadow—a cold cheerless blast.

When the gales chant a dirge through the old barn door,
And the rats are harvesting under the floor;
The cattle all housed—both brindle and brown,
Can lazily chew 'till the sun goes down.

Then the mowers' with big, brawny arms and brown,
'Round their own firesides, when the sun is down,
Can boast of their mowing and gathering hay,
Through the long hours of a warm August day.

Back in the days to which our story takes us an entirely different condition existed in both domestic and business life. There were fewer

people, and few grades of society. A more common level existed and there seemed to be more complacency and less strenuousness. A sort of abiding confidence, instead of a lurking suspicion. Men would trust each other without a legal formality, generally a man's word was his bond. People felt more free to ask favors without giving offense, and willing to bestow favors without recompense.

the way used up almost half a day. Such things were common and were performed with a cheerfulness to which the majority in these days are strangers, but memory at times bring them back linked with other things of a humane and friendly nature, which seems to magnify the truth, that there was more real confidence among men in those days than there is in this glorious century.

Permit me to recite an instance which will more fully illustrate what is meant.

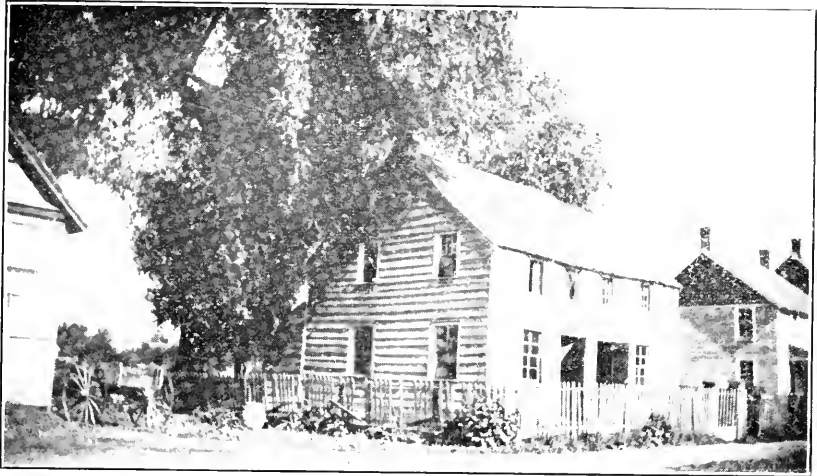
When it was customary for people to put their name on a slate at the hotel when they wished to reach Deer Park or Farmingdale to take a train to New York. Business men and others would learn from the slate who were going, and felt perfectly free to ask favors of those who intended to go. The name of the writer, at one time, was on the slate. A member of a village business firm said to him: "I notice by the slate that you are going to New York." Will you do me a favor? The answer was: "Certinly." Well we owe the firm of Carll & Strong, druggists, corner of Burling slip and Water street, in New York, an account which we want to pay. If you will take the money and pay them we will feel obliged to you. Certainly, said I. The amount was about four hundred dollars in money. At the same time another firm asked me to pay an account for them at a boot and shoe house, on Warren street. That amount was about two hundred and seventy-five dollars, given me also in cash. The railroad at that time landed passengers at South Ferry, Brooklyn. After crossing the ferry I went immediately to pay those accounts and rid myself of further responsibility, and walking all

The late Charles E. Ketcham died June 15th, 1898, in the ninety-second year of his age. A few years before his death he told the writer that when a young man he drove the stage from Moriches and Patchogue to Brooklyn for a number of years. That it was a common custom for the store keepers and business men along the road to entrust him with parcels and packages of money to pay their accounts in the city, and that it was his custom to take their packages and place them under his seat cushion on the front outside of the stage and leave them there

until he arrived at Fulton Ferry in Brooklyn and that he never lost a cent, and no package was ever disturbed. We wonder if the like could be done in these modern days? We think not.

In recalling many things of the past while engaged in this work it comes to my mind that the good wives and daughters of our people felt as free to ask such favors as the men, and of course, they could not be refused. I have often heard that one of the most awkward errands for a man to do was to undertake to match a piece of dress goods for a woman. I had one errand of that kind which will justify the assertion of time, care and patience as above. A woman near my old place of business came in my store one day and asked me how soon I was going to New York. I answered very soon. She handed me a sample of ordinary dress goods asking if I would please get two yards like the sample. She was a poor woman, and I said I would try. When I went to New York a few days after I put on some extra speed in doing my own business for I had done errands of a similar nature for the female members of my own family and knew there was not so much fun in it, as some female shopper might pretend there was. On all such errands my first place to look was at Lord & Taylor's, in Catherine street. I was soon there, but not the goods, I then went to Clapp Brothers nearby, there were some dry goods stores on Grand street, east of the Bowery. I went to each one but failed. I next went to Arnold, Constable & Co., in Canal street and no success there. I had some business to do in Brooklyn, so I crossed Fulton Ferry and took Fulton street up as far as there were any dry goods stores, all for nothing. I remember two or three small dry goods stores at the junction of Fulton, Sands and James streets, I went to them and in the last store found the identical goods. I had walked every step of the way, for there were no cars then, and dear reader, if you are familiar with the ground which I traveled over, you will make up your mind that I was a pretty good walker.

The only satisfaction in doing such things which require so much from the doer, is that one accomplishes that for which they set out to do, and learn from their own ambition, perseverance and persistency, the strength of the powers that often lie dormant within them, which can arouse them to the performance of something of value and benefit to others, if not for themselves. I succeeded in obtaining what the good woman needed, and was happy in the thought that she was happy when I handed her the goods, and she said: "I am very much obliged to you." Little did she dream of the trouble I had taken for her in



Peleg Cooper's House.

This house was for many years occupied by Peleg Cooper, afterwards by Scudder Bryant, and was located on Main street, where the East End Hotel now stands. At present it stands on Cooper street adjoining John Stanton's blacksmith shop.

this little matter. It would have been punishment for her had I told her and I would not destroy the pleasure of her satisfaction. She was laid at rest many years ago like most all others of her generation.

A wealthy lady at one time living east of Babylon brought a broken caster bottle to me asking if I could possibly get a new one of the same make and quality to take the place of this one, as she valued the caster very highly? I may here remark that table casters were very much in use at that time. I took the broken bottle with me to New York and thought I would get the bottle first, and do my other business after. I went to every silverware concern in John street and Maiden Lane, where that kind of business was chiefly done, but without success. There were a few old established places well up on the Bowery. I went there but no success. I next went to every place in the Union Square section with no luck. I then tried Gorham Mfg. Co., Tiffany and the only last one, Ball, Black & Company, and there, a gentleman in the establishment recognized the bottle as a late French production, which was not on sale in this country, that it was a very expensive bottle and could only be obtained in Paris. As I had spent over half a day and walked about six miles to do a favor for this wealthy lady and failed I thought it best to not take a trip to Paris, as that was a little beyond my reach.

When I returned the broken bottle to the lady and explained how I had exerted myself but failed and that it could be obtained only in Paris, she said "We bought it in Paris last summer." Dear reader I went to the mirror and said to the man I saw there "You foolish fellow" why didn't you ask the lady at first where she bought it? It costs much sometimes to learn a little.

The reader will pardon me for relating a few of my experiences while traveling between Babylon and Farmingdale on my way to and from New York. It will be remembered that the road was built through scrub oak and pine woods, just wide enough for one wagon, but along the way were turn out places to avoid tree stumps and holes, etc., which when passed would join the main road again. Should a wagon from each way happen to meet, one of them would have to wait on one of these turn outs for the other to pass. This road runs almost east and west, and in the winter time the sun would often shine on one of the wheel tracks and thaw the ground during the day, while the other wheel track would be shaded by the scrub oaks and remain frozen all day. One dark night the stage was full of passengers two or three

women being among the number, the track which the sun had shone on during the day was thawed out and was soft; while the other wheel track was hard as a rock, when we were nicely started on the way, all of a sudden, one side of the stage went down and would have gone over but for the wheels being mired so deep in the mud, it held the stage up. The passengers were piled in a heap and the men crawled out and held the sunken side up while the horses pulled the stage from its anchorage. This same thing occurred at least a dozen times before the stage cleared the scrub oaks. Some of the men swore, some laughed, and some said nothing, feeling too outraged to speak. The women were hysterical and vowed they would never venture on such a trip again, and I guess they never did.

At one time I wished to take the early morning train from Farmingdale to Brooklyn and the stages had not yet commenced to run to Farmingdale. In talking the matter over with some of our villagers in the evening I learned that Treadwell S. Smith, Manager at the Sumpawams Hotel, had a horse but his wagon was disabled. Esquire Timothy S. Carll, one of the cleverest men that ever lived, was nearby, and learning of my perplexity said he had a wagon asking me at what hour in the morning I would like to start, saying that he would be up early enough, and would bring his wagon over, and have horse and wagon ready for me. Dr. Charles Bishop being nearby said he wanted to go to New York also and would be pleased to go with me. The next morning Timothy Carll had the conveyance ready at five o'clock and Mr. Bishop and I started for Farmingdale. About half way there and nearing what was known as Bishop's brook the horse espied a pile of black dirt which had been thrown up on the roadside, and it frightened the horse who sprang sideways and fell headlong in a ditch; upsetting the wagon and dumping Bishop and myself in a heap. It was dark as night and we had not even a match. We did the best we could and reached Farmingdale just in time for the six o'clock train. As I recall this to my mind at times I feel that beyond it all the kindness of Timothy Carll on that eventful occasion appears as a bright star in the firmament above us.

The late afternoon train from South ferry at first went as far as Hicksville, later on it was extended to Farmingdale and still later went as far as Suffolk station, (now Central Islip). In the winter time it went no further east than Farmingdale. One day in late autumn I took that train expecting to meet our stage at Deer Park, as I had

been doing through the summer, but a new winter schedule had been adopted and went into effect that very day, which I did not know when leaving Brooklyn. On alighting from the car at Formingdale a man asked me if I wished a conveyance? I said what will you charge me to take me to Babylon? A dollar and and a half, he replied. I said, bring up your rig. He did so and we loaded up. I had a number of bundles and wore a new high hat which I had that day bought at Melios, Broadway and Canal streets. Many old New Yorkers and men of my day will remember two hatters whose reputation for style and quality of high hats of that day stood above all others—one was Genin, Broadway and Fulton streets, and Melio, corner Broadway and Canal streets. With my new hat and a swallow tail coat, I fancied I made a nice appearance. When the man wanted the horse to go the horse didn't want to move. After a little coaxing he started with a rush, he went a little way when, he balked again, and this happened several times in a short distance, when I ordered the man to take me back to the station. I went to Ansell Powell's hotel and his son, Alexander, a fine young man, said he could send me to Babylon. He called to his young colored man to hitch up the little bay mare and light wagon and take Mr. Field to Babylon. It was a nice rig, a lively animal and the darkey seemed proud of the job. He was free to boast of who he had driven for, that he understood his business, etc, etc. We were making good headway toward Babylon, though dark yet, he let the mare out a little more and a little more, and going at a good clip when suddenly we ran upon one of the stump turnout places, the horse fell down hard enough to break its neck, our wagon was upset, and the darkey and I were thrown heels over head in the scrub oaks quicker than a wink. It was dark, my new hat had left my head and I had to feel in the brush for it. When found it was badly mashed, my face smarted all over from scratches and I felt a moisture which was blood. The darkey sprang for the horse and got him up. I found my bundles by feeling for them. When hitched up and ready to start again we went slow. After awhile it occurred to me that we were not on the right road. I questioned the darkey and he was so positive that it strengthened my doubt. We soon came to a road which crossed the one we were going east on. With a stern command I made the driver turn to the south and drive on, we would fetch the south turnpike somewhere. The darkey stuck to it we were going wrong, but we soon came out at Bulger's corner, at the very entrance to our village.

Had we continued as the darkey wished to, we would have gone to Brentwood, then called Thompson's Station.

On reaching the old American House we were a sorry looking pair, very much scratched and bruised and somewhat out of humor. Dear reader, this is not fiction, it is the plain truth, may you never meet with the like of it, and I don't think you ever will. The story simply narrates a few of my own experience, and it is reasonable to suppose that others have had something similar to it, but are not here to tell of it. But whatever the experiences of others may have been, it was accepted as a matter of fact and could not be helped.

In those days there was no South Side Railroad, with twenty-five or more trains daily to hustle you to New York in quick time. There was no energetic and generous Austin Corbin nor the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. to give us parlor cars and common coaches that if seen at time would have made the travelers look in amazement at their beauty and elegance as well as comfort. But men are never satisfied, and it seems the more we have the more we want. With all the traveling facilities placed at our disposal to take up to New York and elsewhere at almost any hour in the day, and in quick time, we do not have enough according to the grumbling we often hear. I think, however, the fault finders are of the younger generation. Older persons, who have had much poorer accommodations than now, are inclined to be more appreciative of the traveling facilities we have at the present day. Years ago, if you wished to go to New York in the morning, in the winter season, you would leave your name on the stage order slate at the hotel over night, and the stage would stop at your door at half past five the next morning to Farmingdale. Rain, snow or cold, it made no difference; that was the only way you could go, and if that did not suit you, you could remain at home; and if you had occasion to go often you would frequently find yourself the only passenger. I have been the only one myself, many a time, and perhaps the buffalo robe would have plenty of air holes in it, too. It would be the same coming home through "the pines", arriving at about 9 o'clock.

In the old days inconveniences folks did not mind, and were fully as happy then as now, and I think even more so. Fashion did not reach quite the extremes that it does in these days. There was less to make people envious and jealous, and, upon the whole, a truer sociability existed and a more general condition of happiness prevailed.

In Babylon, like most other villages, there may have been a little

gossiping at times, as is usually the case in small places, but such things would perhaps reach to the outskirts of the village and die within its limits, just as they should. And if in the blindness of human conceptions, there may have appeared anything, indicative of weakness or fault; they have all long since faded away, like dew in the warmth of a bright morning sun. And as we look back through the vista of years, and recall the familiar faces of our friends of the past, their virtues and good deeds appear as jewels encased within an immortal setting.

There were some peculiarly quaint characters in any country village in the earlier days. Facts and customs, did not hold such sway over the average people as it has since.

The education of children, and of the masses, were in many parts much neglected for the want of public schools and organized methods of teaching, consequently the individuality and eccentricities of people were not restrained and were left much to their own development.

Babylon and vicinity had its share of such folks. The "dry" humor and wit which seemed to be born in many was ever present and was made good use of, and like pepper and salt as seasoning for food, was sprinkled into every day life, which seasoned its cheery side and helped it to glide smoothly on, inclining many of the not-over fastidious to feel pleasant and cheerful while the old days were going by.

In those days big blue fish were plentiful in the fall, and many tons were caught to be salted down. All the stores along the South Side had them for sale during the winter, many families would buy them by the tub and thus have a supply on hand for the winter. These large fish when suitably freshened and smoked made a delightful dish when broiled and are pleasantly remembered by the few who are left to recall such things, which have all passed away, never to return.

This is mentioned simply to convey to the mind of the readers how abundantly plentiful the salt water products were in our home waters, so plentiful in fact that the people living here in those days did not fully appreciate these gifts, which like most of Nature's bountiful provisions are left for folks at other periods and from other parts to appreciate their value.

What is mentioned here relating to fish might also apply to wild fowl, game birds, etc. Birds were almost as common and sold for almost nothing. In the fall of the year when the season was at its best, it was a common thing for such men as John Hendrickson, Epenetus Wood, Solomon Saxton, George Sammis and many others to be seen

coming up the creek with anywhere from fifty to a hundred birds, comprising geese, brandt, broadbill, whistlers, mostly all prime birds. This perhaps would be the result of one day and a night's shooting, and does not include a host of amateurs who were mostly "good shots" and would kill their share of birds also.

In the summer shooting no sportman would think of killing the little snipe which were in flocks like clouds. They were after the big game which was plentiful enough to afford expert sportmen much fine work in shooting.

The ocean and bay products were generally plentiful and were usually brought to one's door by the baymen themselves, or some of their kin. No fish markets were established here at that time and wheelbarrow loads of bay stuff were common throughout the village. Prices of everything in that line ranged low. The average price for blue fish was three cents per pound, weak fish and all other kinds at lower prices. Clams at twenty-five cents per hundred and everything else in proportion. Oysters were brought from Patchogue, Bayport and Sayville in great abundance and were native "Bluepoints." No foreign oyster seed had ever been brought into the Great South Bay at that time. The native oysters were luscious and wholesome. Prices were very low. The writer has bought almost hundreds of bushels at from fifty to seventy-five cents per bushel. It may easily be noticed that the people living in Babylon and vicinity in those days were blessed with abundance of these kinds of food, which were a common every day fare and which (no doubt) contributed largely to the healthy and robust constitution of the most of them. "The tables have turned" and what was then a common article of food, is now classed as being extreme and expensive luxuries. The market prices of which is almost prohibitive to many, who through the force of circumstances, feel compelled to tune their financial music on an abridged scale, in slower time and on a lower key, than those who are not forced to "stand for expense" and can reach the highest scale without effort.

The mind of the writer in going back over the past in this form is deeply impressed with the facts that his lot was surely cast in a pleasant place. The friendship he has sustained with so many good people, during the fifty-eight years he has made Babylon his home, comes back to him on the wings of memory to justify this assertion. His business and social relations with almost every one of the older families for many miles in either direction inspired him with an ambition, and cour-

age to labor and persevere in the lines of common duty. Many names could be recalled and mentioned here of those who lived on this south side strand between South Oyster Bay and Patchogue, who were the best and who commanded the respect and love of the masses. The memory of the most of these people wereenshrined in the hearts of a small host, who also have passed away. But with the writer at times, during the hours of his meditation and reflection, the very atmosphere seems filled with pleasant memories of those whom he has known, who lived on the strand here mentioned.

The writer is frequently impressed with the belief that in very many ways from the time at which our story begins, up to the present embraces a period which has been the best in our country's history or perhaps in the history of the world. Everything which pertains to the activity of human industries, the wonderful development in art and science, in the mechanical world and in every kind and thing, which pertains to the welfare of mankind, all of which has been with the great, grand view to contribute to and increase human happiness, has been at its best, and is still in "full blast" with "high pressure" energy which will not submit a defeat.

Little Babylon will no doubt, keep herself in readiness to "Forward March" keeping time and step with the best of what's going on elsewhere, on our own beautiful and dear Long Island.

The Great South Bay, with its fringes of beach land, which has to a large extent been the great "right arm" of the south side, will doubtless claim the love and admiration of those who are to follow us.

The writer cannot surpress the thought that in view of what has been accomplished in recent years in the line of dredgings, that some of the little "tots" of the present may live to see the day when all, or much of the water between the Bay channels and beaches will be dotted with little islands, established there for the purpose of building cottages. All done by dredging. Deep water ways will lead to these islands, for motor boats, etc. Imagine, if you can, what a beautiful sight it will be to look through your glasses, over to the beautiful cottages built (to all appearances) on the water. Then imagine, if you can, how much money all this will bring to be distributed among the toilers on the "merry" South Side. All this is within the range of a possibility. Time will make it a probability, and a few more years added to that will undoubtedly make it a reality and verify this prediction, if the idea can be received and considered as such.

It is reasonable to suppose that when that time arrives many of the old names of Long Island people will have become almost extinct, or so remote, as to be seldom heard, especially many of those familiar to the writer and others of his day and generation.

The city directories, postoffice matter, and all records of names, even at this period, is so conspicuously different from the old plain "Yankee" names that it cannot fail to be noticed what a great change emigration is making in this direction, as well as other countless ways. One need not consult records, or go to the crowded city streets to witness the hordes who are not of American birth. Our own village thoroughfares, as well as that of all other towns daily show, many of these strangers, which impresses the observer, with the reality and peculiarity of what is steadfastly and rapidly taking place and will so long as the introduction of foreign element continues to mingle and mix in the process of becoming Americanized.

Many of these people though of humble origin may yet become conspicuous in the affairs of American life and leave a posterity, who may help to constitute the backbone of American aristocracy of the future.

In a common acquaintance with others, how frequently we fail to estimate them correctly and little things sometimes reveal that their capabilities, are far beyond our weak conceptions, or imaginations.

We meet folks as men and women, giving no thought as to what they may have learned in childhood or earlier days, and usually what is learned during that period of life, is not forgotten. No one who knew the late Austin Corbin, as a millionaire, banker, railroad magnate, and as one of the greatest business men of his time, would ever suppose, that he had learned the detail work of a farm, when a boy, but he had, and it was beautifully evidenced one day at his little farmhouse, at North Babylon, where it was his pleasure to seek rest from his labors. Mr. Corbin was sitting on his front porch one day, when he observed that the grass on the green fronting his house was uneven, and needed a careful mowing with a scythe. He called to his colored man whom he trusted to do such work, and instructed him to get his scythe and go over the whole piece, cut it even and make a nice job of it. The man said, "all right, Mr. Corbin, I'm the man that can do it." He brought the scythe and sharpener and commenced work, very proud to have the boss watch him. Mr. Corbin kept his eye on the man, and was not satisfied with the way he worked, so he went to him and said, "Jake, I think I can show you how to mow." Jake said,

"You, Mr. Corbin? Well, bless my soul dat mat makes me laugh." Mr. Corbin took his coat off, rolled up his sleeves, whet up the scythe, and told Jake to step back out of the way and watch him closely. Mr. Corbin went to work and there never was a darkey in this world more surprised than Jake was, and when Jake was telling the writer of this years after, he said, "Mr. Field, I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, and I felt just like a fool, for I never did see a man in all my life, who could handle a scythe so nice as Mr. Corbin did." Mr. Corbin had learned to mow when he was a boy on a farm and had not forgotten how, and at that late day of his life did the mowing as he was accustomed to do everything else which he understood, and that was to do it thoroughly.

A wealthy gentleman who had a fine summer residence at West Islip and a winter home in the city for a number of years came to his summer home in the spring to aid in the house cleaning. There were certain parts of the work, which he would trust no one else to do because he could do it better. He was exceedingly neat and the delicate tints and finish of the work which he did, could readily be distinguished. He learned to do such work when a youth and had never forgotten it. He was a cultured gentleman whose urbanity and politeness were extended to all alike. He was conscious of the dignity which crowns all useful legitimate labor and rather looked up to the toilers instead of looking down upon them. The elder Benjamin K. True an early member of the West Islip colony was also a grand man, which was plainly evidenced in the meekness of his ways, the simplicity of his life, and the purity of his manhood. Such men were examples, whose manliness stimulated many in the lower walks of life to emulate some (at least) of their many virtues.

The Hon. Benjamin D. Sullivan, Benjamin Stephens, George W. Thompson and others which could be named were it essential were men of the same generation and of a similar type. They were men of wealth, station and talent, and yet were of the most modest pretensions and of a generous spirit, which helped to endear them to all who knew them especially to those who knew them the best, among whom the whiter had the good fortune to be numbered. Such men gave to the locality a standard of excellence which was not common and the remembrance of them come to us like fragrance from flowers. The respectful and thoughtful consideration they exhibited for the welfare of others accompany the remembrance to guide us lest we might be lead to

overate ourselves and underate others, which would surely be a dreaded form of vanity.

And now, dear friends, I have told you as much about Babylon as it was fifty-five years ago as would interest you and if it should be that some one the same number of years hence shall write a sketch of Babylon as it is now, perhaps the names of some of my readers will then be included among those of the old folks of the past as they will appear at that time. And in concluding these short and perhaps imperfect reminiscences of dear old Babylon, I may be permitted to say good-bye dear old times, etc, etc.

FINISHING VERSES.

Good-bye dear old times, and the joys I've had with you,
You are treasured away in memory most dear;
I call you back often, to have a chat with you,
For I'm happiest old times, when I dream you are near.

So many dear friends have been called "over yonder,"
That at times I feel sad, and almost alone,
And a stroll in the burial ground leads me to ponder
Over many whose name I may read on a stone.

And I realize then—how swift time is going.
The days have grown months, and the months have grown
years,
Yet old father time, keeps on with his mowing,
And gathers his harvests in spite of our tears.

While the aged and young are constantly falling,
As the clock ticks the hours of the swift fleeting day,
Methinks I can often hear faint voices calling,
That the reaper ere long will be coming my way.

And then as I muse what might come with the morrow,
And think of the many, who in sorrow have wept;
I look not for joys, unless mixed with some sorrow,
For between life and death it is only a step.

But anon, dear old times, there is much beside sorrow,
For joys you have skillfully woven between;
Should we miss them today, we many find them tomorrow,
For pleasures near-by oftentimes are not seen.

There are beautiful things on life's road as we travel,
Let us pause in our haste that the eye may behold,
For the fingers of time will gently unravel;
And show us there, beauties even as we grow old.

There is beauty when we take an impartial view,
And check selfish impulses with a firm, strong hand,
And strive to be able and willing to do,
Without a forced effort or dictating command.

There's beauty to those who can avoid the extremes,
Which menace life's pleasures in so many ways,
Leading hordes to become easy victims to schemes,
Which casts a dark cloud over all of their days.

There's beauty in envying none what they are worth,
And to pity the many who are struggling behind;
That we chide not any on account of their birth,
And to all of their failings we feign to be blind.

It is well when our duties are plainly outlined,
And we comprehend clearly just what we should do,
And we keep the truth fixed steadfastly in mind,
That to all men alike we be candid and true.

There is beauty when we strive to look on the bright side,
Of life's charming scenes, as the years roll away,
For we've no power to check the swift speed of the tide,
Which flows on its course through the night and the day.

There's beauty when good will, and best wishes exist,
Where envy and malice have no lurking place;
And humanity directs our steps to assist
The unfortunate ones who have suffered disgrace.

Let us not be afraid to extend the right hand,
To every poor mortal, in the form of a man;
And with kindness encourage, the fallen to stand,
With a firm effort to do—the best that they can.

There's beauty in feeling a true friendship for others,
And crediting their good side, for all it is worth;
And to cherish the thought that all men are brothers—
That humanity's girdle encircles the earth.

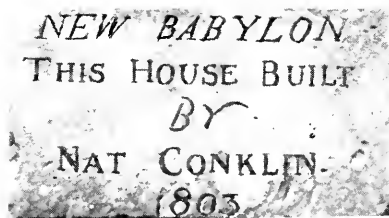
There's beauty when the rays from the sunshine of love,
Warms estranged hearts, which are callosed and cold,
And a sweet little something from somewhere above;
Tunes the heart hidden strings to the music of old.

When common obligations are cheerfully met,
Without a suspicion of deception or fraud;
Then friendship is nourished—and we should not forget,
That lost love, through such means is often restored.

There indeed are but few of the beauties which line—
The highway of life all through to the end,
And the best way to enjoy its brightest sunshine,
Is to be courteous and kind, to foe and to friend.

Perhaps the most beautiful and best in this life,
Which brings a sweet solace and peace to the mind,
Is a consciousness that we are free from all strife,
And at peace with our Maker, and all mankind.

He who has possessed this consciousness and peace,
Has that which the wealth of the world cannot buy;
And the joys of his pure simple life will increase,
To illumine the path which will lead him on high.



Cut of Stone.

The stone of which the above is a reproduction was in the chimney of Platt Catll house, on the corner of Main street and Sannpawams road (now Deer Park avenue). It is interesting as showing a name for this village that has been little known. Nat. Conklin built two other houses, the True homestead in 1823, now standing, and the Sutton house which occupied a site on the Hawley place on the main road, nearly opposite the McCurdy lodge.

Short Historical Sketch
of
BABYLON
by
James Waterbury Eaton



The village of Babylon, was in the south east part of the town of Huntington. The latter was settled by the whites in 1653, the first Indian deed being given in 1646 for Eatons Neck.

In those days English hay being unknown, the owner of any farm land on the North Side of the town, also had a share of the salt meadows on the South Side, it being highly necessary to them, in order to feed their live stock. this whole southern portion of the town of Huntington was therefore known as Huntington South. In 1660 the Town went under the jurisdiction of Connecticut and remained under this jurisdiction until the year 1664.

In 1657 and 1658 nine of the south necks were purchased from the Indians and Sumpwams neck on which the present village of Babylon is located was purchased from the Indians December 2, 1670. The Matinecock tribe of Indians occupied the northern portion of the town. Their sachem was Raseoon and the western southern portion was occupied by the Massapeguas whose sachem was Tackapousha and the eastern southern portion by the Secatogues who were probably under sachem Keossechok. All these tribes were under Wyandanch, the sachem of Montauk. The Indian name for the Town of Huntington was Ketewamoke and the Indian name for Long Island being Mattanwake, (1635, Meitowax, (1664), and Paumanake the latter being the general Indian name.

In 1666 the inhabitants of Huntington obtained a patent from Governor Nicoll by which the whole territory between Cold Spring and Nesaquake River and between the sound and the sea was given to the town under certain limits. In 1686 this patent was confirmed by Governor Dongan and in 1694 another patent was granted by Governor Fletcher in which the eastern limits of the town were altered.

The names of the original patentees were Jonas Wood, Robert Seeley, John Ketcham, Thomas Scidmore, Isaac Post, Thomas Jones and Thomas Wicks. Twenty-eight years later the names in the last patent were Jonas Wood, Thomas Wicks, Joseph Bayley, John Wood, John Wicks, Thomas Brush and John Adams.

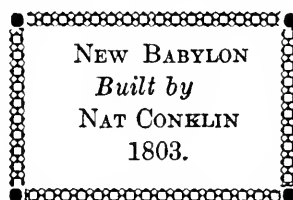
A glance at the old sketch of the village of Huntington given in this book with its quaint windmill, church and about a dozen houses will enable you to form some idea of how Babylon looked 100 years ago, when it was beautifully situated as now between two fine streams of water, the historic "Sumpwams" being on its eastern side and the larger "Annuskemunnicia" on the western side. The first church erected

in the town was in 1730 and was probably located some three hundred feet to the west of the present location of Christ Episcopal Church in West Islip. This church was torn down during the Revolutionary War and a new church built in 1784 and forms now a part of the house of the Sammis estate, adjoining the church property. Few villages can show sightseers three of the old church structures of one denomination still standing side by side as they do in Babylon village at this writing.

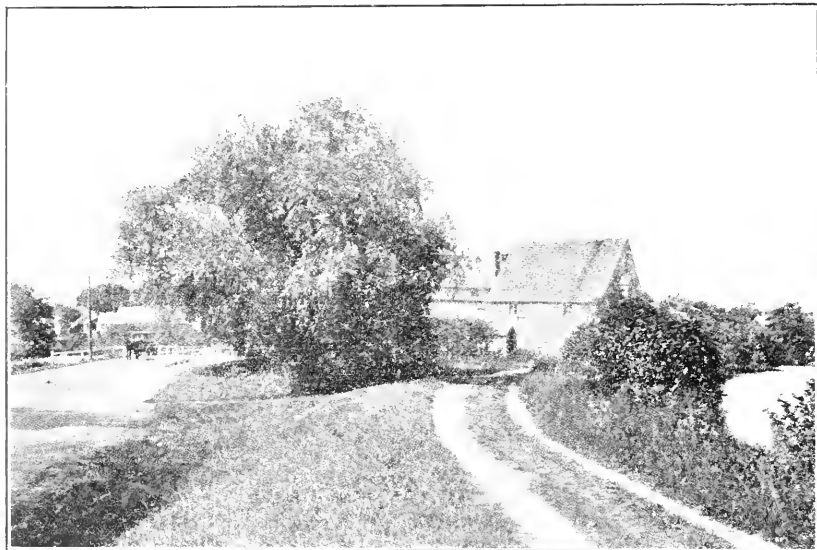
No doubt the Indian name for Babylon was, "Sampawam" spelled in the records in many ways. viz: Sampawame, Sumpwams, Sowampams, (1689), Sumpawams (1690), Sampaumes (1697) and Sampawam. It is supposed to be the name of the Indian sachem who lived on this neck, although no record mentions his name in its entirety, but in Indian deeds for Sampawams Neck, December 2, 1670, his name is "Pwamas," which is supposed to be his name, meaning a straight walker hence "an upright and just man."

It was hard to spell the Indian name Sampawam correctly. Richard Haywarde in his chronicles of Babylon says that he himself has seen Huntington South spelled seventeen different ways and every one of them wrong. Just exactly when it was named Babylon does not seem to be definitely established, but Haywarde in his chronicles says it was christened Babylon in 1801.

A stone in the chimney of the Washington House which now stands on the west side of Deer Park avenue, next to the marble yard was built by Nat Conklin in 1803 and stood where Hefley's Drug Store and the adjoining building is located and we could read the inscription as depicted on the sketch of the stone here submitted and is now in the possession of Mrs. Sidney L. Seaman:



This stone would seem to show that it was christened New Babylon at the change in name from Huntington South in all probability to distinguish it from the old Babylon of the Bible. At any rate the ministers stated they were ashamed to state at conference that they came from Babylon and a mass meeting was held and an attempt made



The "Old Mill," a Once Famous Landmark.

This mill was built about 1750 by Nathaniel Conklin. It was run as a grist mill and at one time there was a mill for sawing lumber in connection with it. For over half a century the grist mill was run by the Oakley family. In the eighties the machinery for manufacturing toy whips and canes was installed and the old mill was afterwards run by the Ricketts family as a whip factory. In the spring of 1910 it was purchased by Edwin Hawley, who had it demolished and on its site erected a cement tumble dam. This view shows the old bridge and the old road across the dam.

by some of its people in connection with the Railway Company to change its name to Sea Side but the attempt failed and the only evidence of this attempt is the name to be seen on Babylon's first depot building, now standing on Cooper street and used by Henry J. Kellum for a carpenter shop.

The only method of traveling on Long Island as late as 1835 was by stage coach or private conveyance, leaving Brooklyn once a week, Thursday, at nine o'clock in the morning, they would dine at Hempstead, then a beautiful drive to Babylon where they generally stayed over night, the next morning just after daylight they journeyed to Patchogue and a drive in the early morning hours was indeed a treat that any one would enjoy. Breakfast between nine and ten o'clock at the latter place, then no dinner until you reached Quogue, where you had your dinner and supper together and would stop for the night. The following morning you would breakfast at Southampton and you would reach Sag Harbor in time for dinner and then the mail coach would travel on to Easthampton where it would arrive just before sunset, thus occupying three days to make a journey that with the railroad is now made in as many hours. The reader must also remember that this coach delivered all the mail.

The Long Island Railroad was built by easy stages completed first to Jamaica, then extended to Hicksville, Farmingdale and finally to Deer Park and beyond. Thus the stage route to Babylon began to grow shorter until finally in 1867 the South Side Railroad was built and people were landed directly in the village.

Babylon has been noted as one of the most thriving villages on the South Side and as a resort for sportsmen, both with the rod and gun, it had no equal. Clams grew in abundance and the immense shell heaps made by the Indians on many of the creeks prove that both the shell fish and the Indians must have been plenty at one time.

The landmarks familiar to our ancestors, one hundred years ago, are fast disappearing. The large paper, grist and at one time woolen mill on Annuskemunnica creek and the grist mill on Sampawams creek in which most of the wooden cog wheels were made or repaired by Nathaniel Oakley have been torn down. In fact but few of the old houses remain and only two or three of them occupying their original positions. The Totten house is an old building, it is quaint and has an olden arrangement of its woodyard as our sketch shows.

The oldest house and probably the first house built in the village was on the site of the present residence of H. A. V. Post on Main street, adjoining this place on the east was the large tannery of the Coopers, extending to the Totten place. Another old house was occupied by the Coopers and stood where Tierney's hotel now stands, corner Main and Cooper street. This house is now being demolished and is located on Cooper street.

The village furnished several Revolutionary heroes and largely through the efforts of the great local Historian of his day the late Judge James B. Cooper a monument was erected on the Public school grounds to the memory of Joel Cooke. This monument was unveiled in November, 1908. Another Revolutionary hero laid in a grave in Sampawams Park for nearly 100 years and now lies in Babylon Cemetery. His name is David Smith and he served in General Washington's own army for seven years and his musket is now in possession of one of his grandchildren. He has three grandchildren now living (1911) in Babylon. Col. Abraham Skinner was a Revolutionary hero who died in Babylon in 1825. Though married twice he left no children, and his remains are buried in the Episcopal Church cemetery in Jamaica.

The grandfather of Valentine Southard, Mr. Verity, served also in the Revolutionary War..

In the war of 1812 there were also several who rendered military service, Richard Dingge, Silas Tooker, John Tooker, Daniel Sammis, Israel Sammis, Jesse Sammis, Jesse Abbott, Jesse Whitmann, Silas Cooper, Joseph Jacobs, William Wiggins, Charles Weeks, Platt Frost, Benjamin Pettit, Thomas Hendrickson, Alanson Seaman, Lawrence Seaman, Jr., Thomas Rhodes, John Brower, Peter Brown, Henry Sands, Henry Ferris, Edward Dodd and Phillip Thomas.

The following account written by the late Judge James B. Cooper is of great historic value:

In the month of July, 1814, the village of Babylon and vicinity were one day thrown in to a state of excitement by the appearance in Sampawams Creek of a whale boat loaded with armed men in uniform. It proved to be Captain David Porter and ten of his sailors, who had survived the hard fought and sanguinary battle of Valparaiso. The circumstance of their sudden advent is worthy of mention. In the latter part of March, 1814, two American Naval vessels, the "Essex" and the "Essex, Jr.," under the command of Captain Porter lay in a

disabled condition in the neutralport of Valpariso. According to the laws of nations they were safe from attack, but in the afternoon of March 28, 1814, the American ships were suddenly and unexpectedly fired upon by two large and well armed battleships. After making a brave resistance for several hours Captain Porter was obliged to surrender. Of 225 brave men who went into the fight 55 were killed, 66 were wounded and 31 missing. Only 75 effective remained. By an arrangement with the British Captain Hillyard, the Essex, Jr., was made a cartel, and in this vessel Captain Porter and his surviving companions sailed for New York. After a voyage of about 73 days they arrived on the south coast of Long Island, and on the morning of July 5th, 1814, fell in with H. B. M. ship "Saturn." Captain Marsh, who examined the papers of the "Essex, Jr.," treated Captain Porter with great civility, furnished him with late newspapers, sent him a basket of fruit and made an offer of kindly services. The boarding officer endorsed the papers and permitted the ship to proceed. But in a couple of hours afterward the "Essex, Jr.," was again brought to, the papers re-examined and the ship searched. It was then stated that Captain Hillyard had no authority to make the arrangement. Captain Porter regarding this treatment as a violation of all honorable rules of warfare, and finding that he was about to be made a prisoner, determined to escape from his base captor. The next morning about seven o'clock a boat was lowered, manned, armed and provisioned. In this boat Captain Porter, with about 10 men, pulled off, but he was soon discovered and pursued by the "Saturn" which was favored by a fresh breeze that sprung up about the same time. Fortunately however, for the American a fog then set in concealing them, and changing the course of their little craft were soon out of danger from their pursuers. After rowing and sailing about 60 miles Captain Porter with much difficulty succeeded in entering Fire Island Inlet. Here he was found by James Montfort, who piloted him up Sampawams Creek. When he stepped from the boat Stephen B. Nichols told him that he doubted his being an American Naval officer, and intimated that he might be from the other side. Then, my good friend, said the Captain jocosely, I will surrender to you; at the same time handing Nichols an iron cutlass. When they reached the center of the village, in front of Rushmore's store, which then stood where Smith & Salmon's drug store is now situated, a large and excited crowd gathered. The story by Captain Porter appeared so extraordinary that few were inclined to believe it,

Of course nothing had been published respecting a naval battle at Valparaiso, no vessel having reached the United States with an account of the same. Mr. Rushmore informed Captain Porter that his neighbors still believed him to be a British officer in disguise. Upon this he pulled out his commission which he fortunately had with him, then all doubts were dispelled and he was treated by the villagers with the greatest hospitality. The best carriage and horses that could be had were soon ready and at his disposal. The whale boat was lashed upon a farm wagon and into the boat sprang the brave tars. In this manner the party was conveyed to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Singular as it may seem in these days, when news is flashed in a few seconds all over the Globe, Captain Porter brought the first information of his fight at Valparaiso.

From the above sketch the river is justly entitled to be called "Historic Sampawams."

On March 13, 1872, the present Town of Babylon was created and the second section of the act reads: "The town of Babylon shall be bounded as follows: "On the north by a line commencing at the boundary line between the towns of Huntington and Oyster Bay, one mile north of the line of the Long Island Railroad, and running thence easterly and parallel with said Long Island Railroad until it reaches a point on the boundary line between the towns of Huntington and Islip, one mile north of the Long Island Railroad; on the east by the town of Islip; on the south by the Atlantic Ocean; and on the west by the town of Oyster Bay; the eastern and western boundaries being the lines now established.

to that period and was recognized as the town divisions of the said several towns respectively."

Within the boundary of the town are situated the villages of Amityville, Copiague, Lindenhurst, West Babylon, North Babylon, West Deer Park, Deer Park and Babylon. Babylon village was incorporate in 1894. The late Dr. W. W. Hewlett was elected president, W. C. Abbott, F. S. Bunce and Henry Oakley, Trustees. At their first meeting, February 7, 1894, the late Eugene Fishel was appointed clerk, W. F. Norton, B. P. Field and F. A. Dowden a Board of Health and Oscar Balchen constable, at a meeting held March 14, 1894. E. V. Strong was appointed Street Commissioner April 20, 1894, April 10, 1895. H. Van Weelden was elected First Chief Engineer of the village fire department; George



Western view of Huntington Village.

The above sketch taken from Barber & Howe's Historical Sketch of New York State, gives a good idea of how this village looked in 1836. Note the curious windmill which was built in 1825, the central shaft was 72 feet high, and was propelled by eighteen sails arranged between the two rims. The top of this structure was blown down in a heavy gale about 1867.

W. Larned, first assistant, and Gustav Fishel, second assistant engineer of the fire department.

In 1895 D. Ricketts, Jr., was elected president, Edward Daily, Joshua Taylor and Treadwell B. Kellum, Trustees and James B. Cooper, Jr., was appointed Clerk.

December 10, 1895, petition of Sumpawams Hose Company to form a company was granted.

January 21, 1896, a special election to determine whether Babylon Village should remain incorporated. The election resulted in a majority of votes being cast in favor of sustaining the government. In 1896 Andrew J. Weeks was elected trustee in place of Joshua Taylor and William G. Nicoll was appointed Clerk. October 15, 1896, a map of the village was ordered to be made by Oscar Darling for the sum of \$600.

March 22, 1897, the offer of the Babylon Woman's Exchange for a drinking fountain to be erected on Fire Island avenue and Main street was accepted. In 1898. H. Van Weelden was elected president, Edward Daily and Henry Oakley, trustees and Eugene Fishel was appointed Clerk. In 1899 the same officers were re-elected.

In 1900, Edward Daily was elected president, Charles S. Hendrickson and Henry Oakley, trustees, and Eugene Fishel was appointed Clerk. F. S. Thorpe was elected chief of the fire department. In 1901 and 1902 the same officers were elected and Eugene Fishel remained Clerk. In 1903, Treadwell B. Kellum was elected president, Henry Oakley and Charles S. Hendrickson, trustees, Eugene Fishel was appointed Clerk. In 1904, B. B. Wood was elected president, Henry Oakley and John Arink, trustees, LeRoy M. Young was appointed Clerk. In 1905 and 1906 the officers remained the same, but on February 13, 1906, the resignation of Henry Oakley was accepted and Elmer W. Howell was appointed to fill the vacancy. In 1907 B. B. Wood was elected president and John H. Arink and Elmer W. Howell, trustees, LeRoy M. Young was appointed Clerk. In 1908 Chester O. Ketcham was elected President, Carll Jackson, James C. Burns, trustees, and James B. Cooper was appointed Clerk. In 1909 and 1910 the officers were the same. In 1911 E. S. Alley was elected president and David C. Ricketts, who with Carll Jackson formed the Board, and James B. Cooper was appointed Clerk.

The village has made rapid improvements under incorporation and now has many advantages over other villages. It is an express station,

first village on the South Side of Long Island with good deep water in the bay, eleven hundred feet of public water front in one stretch, besides other wharfs and recreation piers.

A beautiful free public library was completed in 1911, erected on ground presented to the association by Elbert Carll Livingston. The ground and building is estimated at a cost of \$10,000, and the money was all raised by the voluntary contributions of the people.

A hospital was opened in July of this year and mainly through the earnest work of Dr. Daniel Woodbury Wynkoop, assisted by the ladies of the village.

The village has a Methodist Episcopal Church, the first church building of this denomination being erected in 1840 and the present structure was erected in 1859. Trinity Episcopal Church was organized in 1862 but was merged in Christ Episcopal Church, West Islip, built in 1871. In 1873 the Baptist Church was built. In 1878 St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church was erected and this year (1911) a beautiful structure is being erected at a cost of over \$70,000.

It is very hard to realize that only fifty years ago people had to ford Sumpawams River and drive about eight hundred feet on a wading road to reach the village so great has been the growth and so many the improvements in the years that have elapsed.

 THE END 



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